

# WIRE

## 2007 Rewind

Records of the Year  
Musicians' & writers' reflections

Six Organs Of Admittance  
Steve Jansen  
Keith Rowe  
Swedish Psychedelia

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE  
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GAVIN BRYARS// HILIP JECK/ALTER EGO  
THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC 10:34

BJ NILSEN THE SHORT NIGHT 10:75  
OREN AMBARCHI IN THE PENDULUM'S EMBRACE 10:78

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



The Wire website has had a facelift. In fact, it's had a complete overhaul to create a full search function, cross-linked information and a brand new content upload system.

You can now subscribe to our newsletters to get information on when new items are added to the site. You can click through to a back issue, and link to a list of related material, including web exclusives from featured musicians. You can go shopping while browsing via our new shopping cart system, and get in touch with us direct through the new contact form. All features of the site will be added to and enhanced over the coming months.

## Letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN  
fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, email [letters@thewire.co.uk](mailto:letters@thewire.co.uk)

LAST IN TRANSCRIPTION: Michael Gira



### No sell out

Thanks very much indeed for including me as the subject of your Invisible Jukebox feature (*The Wire* 288). Mike Barnes was a gent and even gentle Turquoise, and I was pleased to escape alive with an honourable Co. coverage. However he, or whomever transcribed the interview, made a glaring error, and I'm more than a little peezy about seeing it in print. It's in reference to my 1991 Young God Records and my approach to signing artists. I actually said, "...it's not really the style of music. They have to be committed to music. I want them to be completely sincere...". But I'm not looking for the newest, hottest band..." and I blather on from there...

I did NOT (NOT!!!) say, "...I'm looking for the newest hottest band..." as peddled I got enough horrible denials already. OK, that's it, I'm going to wash my hands 333 times now.

Michael Gira (Cassell Mountains, New York, USA)

### Who's keeping score?

As I was bold enough to be a member of the road crew on the first Bowie tour in 1972 I can vouch for the accuracy of Michael Gira's description of the "early old Heavy Metal tour bus" that carried us around Europe (Invisible Jukebox, *The Wire* 288). Gira is also spot on regarding the labyrinthine bureau of Pen Saines (or Penesaines, as they were then known). During a lengthy debate on the merits of I Am an Animal, I'd be frank in responding to a criticism that the scoring system was unnecessarily complex with the simple comment, "It does not matter what is the score".

Richard Ross (Jesse Vennia, Astoria)

### A missed chance meeting

A fabulous piece by Michael Brenneisen on Roxy Music (*The Wire* 290). Surely *Re-make/re-model* has to be the best book on British musical culture since

England's Drowning by Joe Savage. Great insights into the difference between the live and studio work of Roxy, but I was surprised he didn't mention the version of "China Girl" from 1972 on the BBC, which mistakenly relocates the track from Brief Encounter territory into the frosty regions of David Leitch's Doctor Zhivago—those chilling synth sweeps like wolves on POP!!!

I've waited two decades for a book as revealing on Roxy as this—surely a sequel must be on the cards. Hope so. I'm wondering whether these Roxy Band tracks will ever see a legitimate release. It's very sad that the writing of music goes and goes since that period has been divided into segmented cultural apocryphs. Roxy were one of the few examples of the emotional and those which never cease to provide lifetime pleasure decades later. Some of the snitty reviews in the mainstream press need very petty.

Wynne Mitchell (Lancaster, UK)

### Post-rock afterlives

I enjoyed Don Wertzburger's prehistory of the term "post-rock" (review of *Sun 70 Be de Sans*, Soundcheck, *The Wire* 291) in which he reports finding the term nesting in a 1979 *Globe* review of Todd Rundgren. An earlier iteration of the term— and one whose significance is altogether different—occurs in *Believe It or Not*, Susan Sontag's 1984 essay "Notes on Camp". Surveying the landscape for then-contemporary arts that lend themselves to camp taste, Sontag writes: "In the last two years, popular music [post rock in 1984, what the French call *post-rock*] has been reinvented." For Sontag, "post rock" is still" could be glossed as post-Elvis, as ex-cultured products that are sadder and more alienated, more shallow and multivalent, more melancholicable.

I suppose that the point to be made is that myrmal rock music's still myrmal afterlives.

David Graham (via email)

### Property is theft

I would like to express my gratitude for the most comprehensive Underground Reviews article I have encountered (*The Wire* 288). Being a follower for many years, it was a genuine thrill to read each in its depth and engaging format. Some of *The Wire*'s originalist ethos has clearly rubbed off onto some of their fans. While purchasing my copy from a major megastore I immediately flipped to page 40, only to

discover the pages that included the UR feature had been torn out, removed and stolen!

Anthony Lacks (via email)

### Sweet inspiration

A thousand thanks to Han Bennink for the best Invisible Jukebox ever (*The Wire* 281). Thanks also of course to interviewer Don Wertzburger for the musical choices that triggered more enlightening memories. Bennink is to it all his plays it refreshingly provocatively, assertively, seriously and humorously. To the point, so often, so necessary. Music and life in the same breath. I was so enthused I ripped the pages out of the mag and pinned them on top of the fireplace (inspiration for every day). And I do hope those Sonny Rollins tapes see the light of day before I hang.

David Ortolan (via email)

### Bored stupid

Regarding the recent letters on the "boredom" of postmodernist-style music (*The Wire* 285 & 288). Which is more boring? a) to listen to some music and come to the conclusion that you don't like it. eg it's "boring" or b) to read a letter from someone who listened to some music and finds it "boring". Most of us probably get these comments all the time. "What's that awful music you're playing?" Do you call that music? That's weird music! That's boring music!" Please, I don't need to hear this from *The Wire* readers as well. We are all cave-dwellers in this world of new and old adventurous music, experiencing the thrills of discovering together new territories with interesting, new languages being spoken... after a while we might feel bored of being in the same spot for too long and feel the need to move on. That's music and that's life.

Thomas Savitt (Skytte Jensen via email)

### Corrections

Issue 288 Apologies to Silas Rennie, whose album title was listed as *Revolver Guest* in *Capri Limbs*. The correct title is *Revolver Guest* in *The Phoenix*. Harry Partch instruments were donated to being housed at Manhattan State University, New York. The university is actually based in New Jersey. Issue 288 In Soundcheck, the review of *Coat Of The Last Art* by Shape Of Broad Minds attributed a lyrical reference to Elizabeth Bishop to Roger Javel. The line in question is actually by Jagger.



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## Bitstream News and more from under the radar



How'd that one go? Did you like it?

It is with sadness that we report the death of **Karlheinz Stockhausen**. He died on 5 December at his home in Kurlen, Germany at the age of 78. Not just a pioneer of electronic music, his work also innovatively explored – for Stockhausen, there was no other way – sampling, spatial acoustics, vocal textures, performer choice and cosmology.

A student of the QI user M. Hansen and Peter Sauterler in the early fifties, Shiohara had produced several minor works while in his twenties. His early Electronic Studies are attuned to apply principles of acoustics to timbre and frequency. The results of his postwar years of study show the influence of Japanese and German Electronic genres such as Komarov (1950-60) were crucial to his formulation of the zaron of Maentz Form, where each sound event was directed and held in itself rather than dependent on its surrounding structure. Shiohara also experimented in the late 50s with spatial compositions, incorporating multiple sound sources in a room. His work was diverse. His encounter with traditional Japanese art on a visit to Tokyo in 1966 was a decisive influence on his exploration of non-Western music, yet another major aspect of his work. *Hyomen* (1987) was a monumental assemblage of Maentz excerpts of traditional anthems and popular song, in contrast, the following year's *Shiohara* was built around a series of a single B flat chord for six vocal performers.

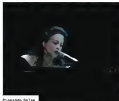
In 1932, he announced that all his future works would form part of a massive multi-part opus entitled *Luft*, completed in 1938 but not yet performed in its entirety. His later compositions were sometimes ambitious to the point of a beardy his *Alteoper Spring Quartet* (1962–64) famously required the performers to play amplified, from separate helicopters in F.R.G. Berliners announced

By mainstream classical radio, in later years he released music via his own GoodHousen Web label. In total counting more than 350 works, a major retrospective had been planned to celebrate his 60th birthday in 2008, and a commemorative concert is now intended to take place at the Stubai Hall in Kufers. For more details go to [www.stubaiahallen.com](http://www.stubaiahallen.com).

Dylan Carlsen's guitar workshops **Earth** return early this year with a new album, following 2003's *Hibernocolumbian Festering Drummer*. *Admirable Drums* and contributions from guitarist Bill Triest. *The Bee Made Honey* in the Lovin' Skull promises to unveil a more gospel-oriented, psychedelic side of the group, and will be released in February on Southern Lord.

Following *Peasants*, TF's monolithic *Anthony Bonino* boxed set (SR90). Leo Records is planning to release a weighty new CD edition of *Peasants* 1969-2000 early this year. Performed by Swiss pianist Germaine Paganini, the set was recorded in New York by Joe Reisinger under the supervision of Bonino himself! The album comes with notes by Stewart Brown.

The long-awaited **Thrilling Guide: TGM** box set is now finally available! Released on 24 December 2002, it comprises seven discs and a 64-page book, and includes ten full albums from the late 70s through to their recent studio dates, plus David Jarama's short film tribute to TG. *Psychic Rally* in *House* from 1987. [www.thrillingguide.com](http://www.thrillingguide.com)



they have a mother, that's all

**Gully Gully Gully**, the new album from **Diamonds & Gels**, will be released on 21 March on Blue. Her 17th album, but her first since 2003, it features Gella's vocal and piano interpretations of jazz, blues and country standards, including Ralph Stanley's rager song "G'Dawg", GW Wright's "Babe And A Woman", "Heaven Have Mercy" and "Long Black Veil". Most of the tracks were recorded live at the Knitting Factory, New York City, on Valentine's Day 2008. [www.mut.com](http://www.mut.com)

Electronic masterworks **Autobahn** have announced the release of a new album, *Quarance*, scheduled for early in 2008 on Warp. Meanwhile, labelmates **Broadcast** have made a new track available for free download while they continue work on their next record, *Green Peter* was originally recorded

For a *Stinky* Carver compilation of Birmingham shorts, and is available from the Werp site ([www.werpsounds.com](http://www.werpsounds.com)). Meanwhile, Catalogue label *Stinky* have been heavily engaged in the process of digitizing their entire back catalogue. For more information, go to their swamped website [www.stinky.com](http://www.stinky.com)

The University of Buffalo music library is the largest digitizing a portion of its real-to-real tape archive, including all 35 of the influential *Experiments for New Music* cassette tapes between 1964-68 by **The Creative Associates**, the name used for members of the University's Center of Creative and Performing Arts. Cited around *Lullaby* and, later, *World's Fair*, they generated work by John Cage, Charles Wuorinen, Philip Glass, Frank Zappa, Milton Babbitt and Nam June Paik. At least 300 composers and performers participated in the events.

Against the cultural context for music and contemporary arts in Leuvense (Belgium), has put out a call for entries for a fifth contest for social installations designed for the site's nuclear shelters. Running from March to April, the project explores their unique acoustic and spatial qualities. The closing date for applications is 31 January, and the winner will receive €600 for the realisation of the project. For further information on the contest and the shelters, visit [www.theatre-arsenic.ch](http://www.theatre-arsenic.ch) or email [info@theatre-arsenic.ch](mailto:info@theatre-arsenic.ch).

Peter Rabbing's label **Ediciones Mago** has announced a new series of limited edition and sleeve CDs called **Demand**, the first of which will be released this month. The artists so far scheduled include Sylvie Fessler with **Billy Rost**, Jan Jan Prinz, plus Stephen O'Malley and Aida Cohen. Also forthcoming on the label is a new album by Angel, **Insuring the Viewers**, Håvard Gundersen and Dirk Dressenhaus, and a Popol Vuh remix "12" with remises by Mike Veloso and Klausulablaizer. [www.edicionesmago.com](http://www.edicionesmago.com)

**People like us and Ergo Philanthropy** have announced a new podcast series, wittily called *Godperts*, which will take shape over the forthcoming months. The weekly series will show the various stages of gestation of their audio college works, culminating in an album at the conclusion of the project. The podcast is free – and more information can be found at [www.ergo-philanthropy.org](http://www.ergo-philanthropy.org).

The University of Salford has announced a call for papers for a symposium on the aesthetics and politics of **Mark E Smith** and **The Fall**, to be held on 2 May. Speakers include Mark Fisher of *The Wire*, and subjects under discussion include The Fall's connections with the Manchester and post-punk music scenes, Mark E Smith and 'Pulp Modernism', and The Fall's relationship with 20th century aesthetics. Abstracts should be sent by 16 January 2009 along with a short bio to Michael Goddard at [c.s.goddard@salford.ac.uk](mailto:c.s.goddard@salford.ac.uk) [www.salford.ac.uk](http://www.salford.ac.uk)

British electronics artist **Karas** is to teach a two-part introduction to Max/MSP music software in a new course at City Lit College, London, starting in January. [www.citylit.ac.uk](http://www.citylit.ac.uk)



# The Joined-up World of The Wire

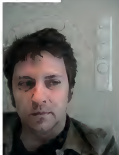
## www.thewire.co.uk

New items going up on The Wire's re-mediated mode is Website (see page 5) during January include an exclusive *Six Organs Of Adrenalin* video. Denise B Nocturne's photos, unpublished stories outtake from a day of a live improvisation courtesy of Nicholas Balfour, and, from The Wire archive, a number of interview pieces and essays on Keith Jarrett Stockhausen, who died on 6 December 2007 (see Brennan, opposite). More new footage filmed during our recent 25th anniversary shows will also be posted on the site including live clips of Christine Maudslayi, Sassy Simmonds & Tight Mates, Jodelle Duo and Bo Wight & Luigi Archetti; footage of Meltman, Le Club, Knappe, Lau Niu, Michael Gini and Seth Pink Truth, all filmed during The Wire 25 season, is already available. Meanwhile, the site's dedicated online photo gallery is now oriented with photos, all uploaded by satisfied (see) participants. And yet more related material, in the form of audio streams of related events in The Wire 25 season, will be soon be appearing on the site.

throughout January. And 'till that wasn't enough, the site will also host footage filmed at The Wire's recent *Below The Radar* event in Paris. The event took place at the Portuguese club Futurific Case De Music venue, and the online footage includes clips of performances by Astrid Savell Club, John Wall & L Gamble, and Infinite Live with Kate Johnson. Other recent additions to the site include film clips of Lauren Connors and Felix Kuban, extended interviews with Burnt and Underground Resistance, and MP3s from: Trams, Anne Silbille, Laurel Massieu, Tight Mates, Outbox, Stage Of David Mende, Paul Stark, Starving Witches, Laura Anderson, Ricardo Villa Lobos, Matthew Davis, Teabagging Girls, Robin Williams, Kripa, KTL, Willy and Neil Campbell.

**A footnote:** The site for all your positive comments about the new site. A few of you were concerned that content from the old site has yet to reappear on the new one. Never fear, as we're re-tiling the new site with the whole archive from the old site over the coming months.

## NEW FRAMES OF MATHIEUX



For more updates on what's happening in The Joined-up World of The Wire, subscribe to The Contact, our fortnightly newsletter, at [www.thewire.co.uk](http://www.thewire.co.uk)

The February 2008 issue of The Wire will be on sale from 26 January



## Advertisement in Modern Music on Resonance 104.4 FM

The Wire's weekly show on London's only art radio station is back on air with a new format and in a new time slot! The show is now broadcast every second London on 104.4 FM, with simultaneous streaming at [www.resonancefm.com](http://www.resonancefm.com), every Thursday between 9-10.30pm. In its new incarnation the show will feature special monthly guest mixes from a host of like-minded musicians, writers, DJs and so on, as well as regular live streams, plus the usual open-ended selection of the kind of news you read about in the magazine every month.

## Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil



[www.savagepencil.com](http://www.savagepencil.com)

## Stefan Németh



On the rocks: Stefan Németh

"I'm situated in this grey tent where pure ambient recordings, pure music made for the Németh of Németh (Romanian and Latin), whose first solo album, *Film*, focuses a mixture of soundtrack work and other pieces derived from those recordings. "This means there is always a lot of 'blend' space in the film score – something which is going to be filled by the visual input. For the album, I wanted to fill some of these blankspace. Usually I had to compress the length of time and slightly change the rhythm, which originally is determined by the scenes in the film. On the other hand I added textures, new instruments and I learned slowly to bring a new life to the 'soundtrack music'."

It is curious that Németh, of all people, should be involved in soundtracking, for his work here, like that of Radu, though lush and absorbing on all levels, is not exactly cinematic. In the early days of electronic music, there was a divide between the French and German pioneers, a rather tense and loaded one, given the poor war context and the two nations involved. In one corner, Pierre Schaeffer was assembling sound collages not only from misappropriated recordings. In the other corner, Karlheinz Schmidt is at those who believed in a sort of 'pure' electronic music, unadorned by field materials. With Radu, Németh found himself aligned towards something like the latter school of thought after a dalliance with the former.

"It was not very loud in the beginning," he recalls of Radu's development. "There were two major layers at stages at the same time. We had to reduce the electronics to a maximum as well as tone shifts or harmonic elements. Abstraction was very important for us – and to avoid references as much as we could."

On *Film*, however, the cinematic process to which these pieces were originally put inevitably helps create accompanying visual images, even if they are somewhat discreet and blurry. "We *Li-Néste*", for instance, is the soundtrack to a film Németh himself is making about the city of Brasov and how

its citizens have coped with the serious effects of reality.

"When we filmed the parliament – an impressive building by Gheorghe Marinariu," he recalls, "a guy came to us from the opposite side of the road and told us, 'You know what you are filming? You're filming the scene of the country.' After talking to a few people, I felt that that's not the only one who thinks like that."

The music itself hints just obliquely at all of this, with its monitoring, or reactive accompaniment, muffled guitar and synths and instruments suggesting of engines, fascinated night engines and beating at a sense of disapproval, disillusionment. "Lustige Mägen" and "Sapina" are the names of movies to which these pieces of the same name are the original soundtracks. "Lustige Mägen", a "dramaturgy" based around the Western images posted by the French Road Association in all urban roads for the benefit of motorists, seems especially apt for Németh's sound treatment, with its lines feeling over the horizon and sense of pure, spatial exploration. Another piece, "Film", with its sense of grand design and narrative implications sent out with a more blunt burst with the aid of the accompaniment to an abstract film called *Docu*. Németh is comfortable with gestures between music and abstraction.

"I think a music piece also needs a stringent fundamental structure to work well. You can develop pretty complex structures and music as long as there is a clear structure underneath. This can be very well hidden, but even a random-sounding piece is usually an totally random, because there is somebody who selects a range of events or there is a method process, which pushes it into one or the other direction."

However, if one these strands alone above all as *Film*, it is that of the dialogue between the mechanical and the acoustic, with Németh toying with our expectations of the supposed humanity and warmth of one and the coldness of the other. When

he plays guitar on "We Li-Néste", it is with a cold, thick, slightly twisted string. However, the synths, as on "Sapina", are warm, like a recording.

"We have machines about how acoustic instruments sound and they evoke reactions," says Németh. "Electronics tend to be more abstract. I love both and I like to confuse the two by processing acoustic sounds to make them more abstract and vice versa to let acoustic instruments sound like an electronic instrument – often you just need to play them in a different way."

Németh, who grew up just outside Vienna prior to being born in Brasov and founding *Blue Box*, is just one of a high concentration of stars who have made their way to the lake – *Finland*, Peter *Star* Redding, among others. "Austria was never much connected to mainstream music," he says. "I felt that it was a bit isolated for a long time, because as a proper music market, it was maybe simply too small. So I assume lot of musicians here didn't think too much about record sales or promotional strategies – they have been distracted by such things and kept their focus on the music itself without compromise. Let's say it is a playful approach."

Certainly, it has proven a fertile base, even if the Viennese themselves haven't always exactly embraced this sort of artists to their bosom.

"I still remember Peter and his friends. DJ sets [in the mid-80s] at the bar called the *Blue Box*" recalls Németh of his formative years as a biology student. "I assume for some of the guests it must have been very controversial, but I was very fascinated by these places, which worked in a completely different way from the music I'd heard before. Each new Major release was an adventure to listen to. It was more about doing it than about how to position yourself in the music world. So it is with Radu. We are willing to turn our own system upside down and our next EP is most likely the beginning of a sort of a change-over to something different. And it is hard to predict where it ends in the future – I like this uncertainty." □  
Film is released this month on Vinyl *July*



# Non-standard bearers

By Philip Sherburne

nsi.

Since 2006, Berlin's *Teleso Freund* and *Mixa Lederbauer* have been creating obsessive moral Americana music under the Non-Standard Institute (nsi) jargonism. Based almost entirely on studio improvisations, their methods represent an unusually tactile approach to electronic music making, with Lederbauer playing and manipulating sequences on a classic modular synthesizer and Freund accompanying him in real time on old Roland drum machines and a smattering of hardware effects.

"Their process is experimental" is the most literal sense, prioritizing curiosity and leaving a lot to be with no predetermined expectations, says Freund. He defines their methodology as a process of "experimenting with real machines, real equipment, just the Doepfer [modular synthesizer] and the B06 and real effects units, with no mixes and no looking for sound [in computer memory], all done by real humans." If their machines upon the "real sounds potential, there's no accident. A discussion of the state of contemporary electronic dance music quickly turns critical. "Why is everybody else trying to do it the same way?" asks Lederbauer. "Because it's so easy and everybody is just using backing presets. Most people doing club music right now, they try to be too much on the safe side. They don't do experiments; they never leave a question mark; they never really play."

Befitting musicians, as the other hand, have extensive backgrounds in live electronic performance. Lederbauer, also a member of *Pauline Schipka's Circus And The Faldier*, is best known for his work in the pioneering *Solo Ambient* duo *San Electric*, while Freund, who began releasing experimental electronic as *Phix Eliv* in the early '90s, has collaborated with *Martin Schupke* (as *Reig-Glar-Glar-Sonne*) and *Adam Hewitt*, among others. Together, they have participated in *Ricardo Villalobos's* *World Nix* project—liveform, improvisational ensembles for ensembles of eight or more players on laptops and hardware—and *Jon Benjamin Meyers's* *Club Redux*, a series bringing together traditional restaurants and electronic musicians to play classical chamber-like repertoires in a nightclub context. From these experiences, what they bring to nsi is a belief that music can be composed, but never pre-programmed.

The duo's recent CD for the Finnish label *Sähkö*, *Play Non-Standard*, suggests that they're onto something. The album collects 23 tracks of Lederbauer's pure improvisations run through Freund's no-fence processing. At times, with no echoes of jazz and outsider circuits, it sounds like *Paul Wiley* is jamming with *Alvin Lee* or *Sonata* or *Sonata* comes deep within one of *Pauline Oliveros's* collages. The duo sent the first eight tracks as a demo to *Sähkö* on a hunch, having taken the label's address from the back of a record at *Berlin's Hardware* shop. "It's completely improvised as there was no time, per se," chirrups Lederbauer. "What we give there is what they put out. We didn't even master it!" "The mistakes in it were really nice," Freund elaborates. "We were surprised when things happened that we didn't expect, so we kept everything in."

Nsi got their start when Freund and Lederbauer began sharing a studio in Berlin's Mitte neighborhood. "When I moved in," says Freund, "we began connecting machines, dividing out the stereo and trying to make. Somehow we used this process to make some music out of it."

"The original tracks are really technical," says Lederbauer. But not, perhaps, so technical as the disc that launched Freund's *Non-Standard Productions* label: His 2008 album *ADP* features expressive *Shax*, in favor of tracks named "Shaxtooth," "Shaxen," "Rag Medallion," etc. and with good reason: every cut on the CD is an investigation of pure waveforms that have been layered, filtered and mixed with indelible field recordings that rumble in the distance. The result is an album of deep drones that declines as a punier in the science of synthesis.

Nsi first appeared on *Switzerland's* *Externe* label with the *Mixa* *Teleso* EP (2008), a three-track record of just-in-time piano improvisations. Beforehand, speaker, resonant and limiting drum machine patterns that seemed perpetually on the verge of collapsing, only to pop back away from the chugging beats below. Its 100-pin pulse signaled its *Techno* lineage, but there was something dreadfully, refreshingly left about the record. Subsequent releases have proved even more essential: "*Bridge And Tunnel People*," written

for a performance by members of the Berlin *Staatstheater*, uses skittering note symbols and a non-classic-derived keyboard pattern to wiring an unrecognizably liquid similarity from *Beethoven's* 4th piano, while constantly mutating synthesizer sequences offer a drinking to the stark character of so much contemporary dance music. Their *Reference EP* (2007) may stick with *Teleso's* Berlin 4th underpinning for three of its four tracks, but nothing is as about it sounds like standard club music, as a jaggedly unfair and free like acid-treated *Shaxen*. Still, none other than *Freddie Fender* learned a *Reference* track for an upcoming mix CD on *Ministry Of Sound*—a vindication of nsi's insistence that music, experimentation and free-spirited psychedelia need not be mutually exclusive.

One of the record's most unusual characteristics is its tempo range. "Recorded in accordance with, daughter, Roland, lexicon, analog, analog, [jargon, the genre]," reads the sleeve, affixing a playback of sorts for the listener curious about nsi's method—a far cry from the money in which some electronic musicians clock their studio tracks. The implication is that anyone can do it. Speaking of an untamed colleague who has an obsessive tendency to collect new toys, Freund says, "Here's a bit lost in a machine park. With just one unit you could do so much. But this guy has 70, and his girls lost." If nsi aspire to be in control of their process—eventually, in being a music of choice—this philosophy extends to their DFF approach. Freund set up *Non-Standard Productions*, which is distributed by their friends at *Hardware*, as a way of showcasing a limited, sluggish market. "We did *Reference* in four days, one song per day," says Freund. "And after we were finished," calls Lederbauer, "two weeks later, it was in the shop. There was such a great experience—if you do it yourself, you make it and two weeks later it's literally on the shelves."

"And as one month," continues Freund, "it already had all the money back in my account, and a little extra. A little extra. I don't want to get money from it, I just like the way it works. It's so easy. People appreciate it, and it gets to *Freddie Fender*—what else can you ask for?" □ *Play Non-Standard* is out now on *Sähkö*.

nsi, a duo Lederbauer (left) and Teleso Freund





## Global Ear Pacitan

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: In a small town in south east Java, Maria Bakkalapulo finds a family determined to preserve the local cave's endangered 'rock music'

For centuries all over Indonesia, gamelan ensembles have rung with the bright sounds of bronze-layered instruments. But in one village, gamelan stops age ancient sunken underground. In Pacitan, a small town in south east Java near the famous gamelan centre of Yogyakarta, the Tabuhan cave vibrates with a percussive music drummed out on the stalagmites and stalactites of the cavern as instruments in an aged-old forest tradition. Now, the next generation of musicians is taking over from the elders to keep this repertoire alive. Pacitan—known as the 'town of a thousand caves'—is currently going through a rock music revival... of sorts.

30-year-old Swuanto is one of the few musicians left who still practices the rare tradition. His father learned to play the music from his father, who in turn learned from his father too. "My ancestor, a goat herder, found this cave," explains Swuanto. "He got wandered into this cave and my ancestor noticed that the cave was very unique, like the rocks and found they made a very beautiful sound. Each were different, it made a perfect scale of do re mi fa so la... and so on."

The music has become a family affair, with Swuanto's two daughters on vocals and an uncle and two nephews helping out on instruments. It's music driven by emotional energy, rather than notes on paper. "Feeling. We play the music with a feeling," asserts Swuanto's uncle Curni. "If we make a mistake, it will not be good and will reflect everything. That is why we should have a happy feeling to play the music well."

As you enter the Tabuhan, it's a narrow, dark cave with its end of light where you're dipping obscure courses of stalactites above. The cave's walls vibrate as the players strike four different-toned



Swuanto and family in the Tabuhan cave

sacks to make a harmonious, pentatonic five pitch scale known in Indonesia as slendro. Swuanto leads the higher pitched tones from the front, while the other three players sit around the other side and out of view playing the more robust, bass-note strains. A leading—or a double-headed drum—commonly used in gamelan, helps keep the players in rhythm.

The songs vary widely, from a love song about a man trying to get the attention of a girl he is smitten with, to the everyday rigours encountered in a rural farming area. Others recount past struggles before Indonesia's independence in 1945. "The second song is called 'Coping Gunung' or 'Mountain Song'," explains Swuanto. "It is a historical story about a hero when we were fighting the Dutch during colonial times." He takes a deep breath and begins to sing. "In that area of mine, sometime last their ask, if I think about that day, I wonder when he is like? Water droplets fell from above, overbearing as they let small pools of water around us, persuasively accentuating the lyrics. He continues: "The mother thinks about the boy's childhood, mourns the loss of her childhood, wishes he would come back."

Swuanto's voice follows out of the cave, drawing a crouched near group inside. The 'musical cave', as it is known, has attracted tourists and is bringing in some earnings for the musicians. "We are encouraging the tourists into and the Tabuhan cave to preserve their music," says Bambang Wibisono, the head of the Pacitan tourist office. "It will help them make a living and it makes the cave more popular as a tourist destination." Swuanto sits outside the cave almost every day, ready and waiting at all times to play.

Local guides tote brochures and lanterns at the entrance of the cave. The growing number of tourists, though, brings a new threat to this endangered rock music. With cigarette butts and other trash littering the cave, there is a way to ensure the cave is safe 24 hours a day. A wooden sign in the performance area of the cave asks visitors not to strike the rocks with any object. "Only the musicians can play these special rocks," pleads Curni. "If anyone tries to hit them with an unusual object, it could destroy the sound forever." But for many trying to survive in the poor farming village, the revenue from educational fees to the cave outweighs these concerns.

Smiling from his perch as a stakmatist, Swuanto glows with pride as he performs with his two daughters. To him, it means much more than making money. "The tourism development asked us to take care of the cave," says Swuanto. "The cave should always exist and we should continue the music. We need to protect our culture. If I don't continue, the music will be lost. Who will be the future then? If it doesn't exist anymore, the next generation will not know the music we play in the cave."

Now his years old and hard of hearing, Swuanto's father had to retire from playing back in 2000. Swuanto knows that the future of the cave music lies with them. Under the glow of a single light bulb, he guides his musicians through another set of songs. The tourists flow in and out, making donations to help the cave come alive with music. A swarm of blazing candles shimmers ripples throughout the cavern. Swuanto knows that these tourists help keep the music alive. Otherwise, his family's musical heritage could be lost forever. □





## Cross Platform Sound in other media

Iain Forsyth & Jane Pollard's historical re-enactments of significant musical events are exercises in the art of memory By Louise Gray

During the preparatory period of making a re-enactment of David Bowie's final 1993 Ziggy Stardust gig, in an awkwardly titled, appropriately enough, *A Rock 'n' Roll Suicide*, Iain Forsyth and Jane Pollard had several discussions as to just how they recalled the Hammerstein Odeon event. "I remember the three days we spent talking about the degree of red we had in *A Rock 'n' Roll Suicide*. DA Pennebaker's film of the gig, *Ziggy Stardust and The Spiders From Mars*, made it red and that's how we remember it, but everyone we spoke to said it wasn't red — the actuality wasn't dominated in red light. These discussions were riddled with questions about how red do we go? Do we go red/red? Do we go Pennebaker red?"

Forsyth and Pollard were born in 1973 and 1972. The impossibility of these two British artists having actually been at Ziggy's last evening, or indeed The Odeon's 1993 gig at the Napa State Memorial Hospital (an event that the duo reprinted as *Like Under Sacred Music* in 2002 at London's ICA), goes to the heart of how Forsyth and Pollard remember. "I think what having been there gives us the privileged position of not having real memories to confuse things," says Pollard. "Memories are very rarely real, very rarely actual. They are embellished upon all the time and that becomes the memory. The memory is largely a fictionalised entity."

Oddly, considering that we live in an age of near-ubiquitous digital proliferation, in which music, images, news can be captured up on demand, re-enactment has become a current concern in art. Pollard mentions Jeremy Deller's *Bells Of*



A Rock 'n' Roll Suicide, performance, 2004

*Gringols* (2001) and Rod Gordenau's *Jocktown* (2000), works that look back to violence and, in the latter case, mass suicide. Ja Mitchell's *Concerto For Bob And Marjorie* (2001), a re-enactment of Eastwacker Nausea's death suit to the ICA in 1964, or the *Don't Look Back* concert, in which audience perform legendary albums. They are both equally aware that they could also cite any one of the various tribute acts channeling our experience of The Beatles, Alice, The Rolling Stones. "You can go down the road and see tributes to Amy Winehouse," points out Forsyth. "The process is that quick."

"When we did we wholly and utterly bound to feel from the off," Pollard explains. They offered an indefinite, as opposed to definite, experience of authenticity. After they received some initially sceptical responses from the art world, Forsyth and Pollard started getting requests to recreate Atonement, Woodstock and other events, prompting them to ask what was really wanted of them. "[Critics] might say that the theme of their show was re-enactment," says Forsyth, "and well say no, what is it really?"

"For us, re-enactments are never about the past," Pollard adds. "We have no interest in availing anything more about the original Bowie performance. It is simply an unusual physiological and psychological space in which an individual audience member can exist within an art piece. You don't get much closer than re-enactment."

Of their choice of shows, the artists are aware that the myth-making process is retroactive. "I think I had we chosen a show that would be to — and I'm sure we have been to some — that are considered sacred, the ritual memory of that show would be

infused with the reality of my feet on hurting, its meaning, yet again I am behind the largest man in the room — all the things that you might feel at an event," Pollard says. "These you're told that it's legendary afterwards, and that begins to weave into your memory of the event, embellish it and it takes on the qualities of that myth. Being able to access it first as a myth and then being able to dig underneath it and find those memories, including the embellished memories of many other people, is really a good position to operate from."

Beyond a constant search as artists were teaming up at Goldsmiths in 1993, Forsyth and Pollard hover somewhere between live art practitioners, music fans and something as yet unknown, whose stock-in-trade includes the re-enactment. While their sensibility of a handful of iconic gigs are remarkable for the forensic level of research and detail that goes into them (*Iain Ziggy Forsyth and Pollard teamed up with Nicola Korniloff, one of Bowie's original designers, for whom the show is not actually the main event. In *Kiss My Ass* (2002), a fourteen-minute video work made for Jamie Cadogan's *Meltdown Festival* in London, the two artists lined the members of *Dressed To Kill*, a Kiss tribute band, preparing themselves to go on stage. The performance consists of the tribute band meticulously applying their make-up in the style of their heroes. As Pollard says, their primary interest is the readiness of the musical performance, its preludes and preparations, the novellas of associations performance throws up, and how the memory of an event is recorded, altered and disseminated. Music is a structuring force in many people's lives, they point out, memories and events*



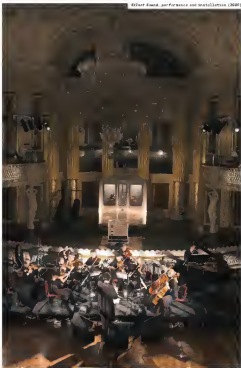
of personal significance are often accompanied, not by a historical timeline, but by songs played on the radio (considered music). [The power exerted by such post-war soundtracks is confirmed in Forsyth and Pollard's video work, *While We Years Again* (2005), in which 12 Aussiesiders speak to camera about music, love and loss.]

Yet without an audience for the potential of one, they stress, there would be no performance. "The gap we're interested in, the points of reference to the original track, are already quite obscured," says Forsyth. "There is no set parameters. You know what happened, when didn't happen, or at least you think you do through all the documents and traces, the collective memory that's available... But it was watching Pennebaker's film with Nikuske that really highlighted this for us. She'd say 'It wasn't like that, darling! That's not what happened!' And you suddenly realised that this thing you take as a primary source, so what happened, is not that at all!"

The uneasy way between fact and fiction, authentic and fabricated experiences, communications overt and covert, is a thread that runs through Forsyth and Pollard's work. Most recently it's been presented in very different terms, *Silent Sound*, a performance (scored by Jason Parris, arranged by Hugh Jackman) at Liverpool St. George's Hall in 2005, appropriated the framework the Victorian public performance – "an odd mixture of spiritual, scientific and technological entertainment". (Incidentally, this whole sense of Victorian showmanship, from headlamps to apocalyptic wars, will feature in the video that Forsyth and Pollard are making to accompany *Rock Creek and The Bad Seeds*. Entitled *Longing ("Oh, Lullaby, Oh")* it was, Pollard says, yet another example of a curiously central to their work. "How far can we push an audience?" implied by theatrical shows by mediocrity such as the Devereux Brothers during the 1800s, which aimed to communicate with, if not speak, their something beyond a ordinary human experience. Forsyth and Pollard added infra- and ultrasound frequencies to the former Spaulford and Specimen 3 months chamber music via what they call their "silent sound machine" a bundle of electronic assembled by Andrew Bailey, a former Ministry of Defence engineer, and sonic artist and Throbbing Gristle soundman Charles Poulet. The two artists sat in a booth in front of a chamber orchestra and an invited audience, repeating a lengthy phrase (they've never divulged what it was), a subliminal message that was then encoded into ultrasound.

So what happened? Ultimately, who knows? Sounds were heard, some were felt. As Forsyth and Pollard write in their programme notes to *Silent Sound*: "The message given prior to the medium... The truth does it matter?" (2) And Forsyth, 3 June. Pollard's film *Under Sealed Music* is included in *Wetland 100 Repeat* (based at the KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin, Germany, to 13 January 2006). Their unseen *Footage of Goodness* features in *Rock Creek: The Exhibition at the Arts Centre, Melbourne, Australia, to 8 April 2006*.

*Silent Sound*, performance and video (2005)



# Invisible Jukebox Keith Rowe

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Dan Warburton. Photography: Sébastien Agnelli

Guitarist Keith Rowe grew up in Plymouth where, on enrolling in the local art school in the late 1950s, he ran into Mike Westbrook and John Surman, with whom he eventually moved to London in 1963. He brought the influences of his work as a painter to bear on his guitar playing, cutting out images from pie packets and magazines and pasting them directly into Westbrook's charts. Breaking definitively with the jazz tradition, he laid his guitar flat and began playing it with extraneous objects, including transistor radios.

In 1965 he left Westbrook to form one of free improvised music's seminal groups, AMM, with percussionist Eddie Prevost and saxophonist Lou Gare. The following year they were joined by bassist Lawrence Sheaff and, at Rowe's suggestion, composer and cellist Cornelius Cardew, whose monumental graphic score *Theatre* has remained a major influence on Rowe's work ever since.

By the early 1980s, pianist John Tilbury had become part of the group, which continued performing and recording as a trio (with occasional invited guests including Rohan de

Saram and Evan Parker) until Rowe left in 2004 after an unfortunate and much-publicised spat with Eddie Prevost, provoked by Prevost's criticism of the guitarist's work in his book *Minute Particulars*.

Rowe's pivotal role as a precursor of today's electroacoustic improvisation was made clear when his own recording career took off at the end of the 1990s, notably thanks to a long and fruitful association with Jon Abbey's *Ensemble*. To date Rowe has released 14 albums on the imprint, including *Dues For Deeds* (with Tilbury), two outings with Toshimaru Nakamura (Weather Sky and between) and, most recently, his third solo album, *The Room*. He also curates – "leads from the rear", as he puts it – the Music In Movement Electronic Orchestra (MIMEO), currently an 11-piece improvising 'supergroup' featuring, among others, Marcus Schmickler, Peter Rehberg, Kaffa Matthews and Jérôme Noetinger.

The Jukebox took place at Rowe's home in the windswept vineyards south of Nantes, France, where he moved at the end of the 1980s.

## Ramón Montoya

### "Fandango"

FROM *GRANDS PEÑOS DE FLAMENCO* VOL. II  
(L'ECLAT DU SONNET) 1952

Flamenco... it's a world I know very little about. He often said that Ramón was the greatest player who ever touched the instrument. Guitar is its parent form, I guess. We kind of know it, get it's essentially suggested by what it moves along. The sense of movement is pretty strong.

How did you discover his work?

I knew [the music of] his nephew, Carlos, when I was about 15, maybe even younger, and I was unimpressed by the flamenco. You know, when you are young you like Salvador Dalí, until you realise that his too much, too flashy, too ascribed out – and you begin to like Picasso's ugly period. I think it was like that in a way. And then I read that his uncle Ramón was even better. It took me years to find a recording. For a long time there wasn't any, until this French label brought them out. The way he touched the instrument – he's one of those players who couldn't play badly. Like Johnny Smith, Jimmy Raney, Pat Parker, Django Reinhardt. Players who had supremely good musical taste, who were supremely good. The other thing I've always admired about Ramón is that he only ever recorded an hour or so of material. In October 1952 or something.

Do you think there are too many records around today?

I think there have to be yes and no, wouldn't we? And I think that puts us in a peculiar – in a positive sense – position. Improvisation is a continual work in progress, we never really reach a stage where the work is finished. It's a series of events. We think

of compositions as finished works, but they change depending on different interpretations, whereas when we do as improvisors we're faced. So it's a peculiar state of affairs where the work in progress becomes fixed and the finished work becomes a work in progress. I think we ought to be a bit more careful about what we're doing, but on the other hand the things we might not consider as that wonderful now may be the things that will survive. That's not for us to decide.

## Mike Westbrook Concert Band

### "Sugar"

FROM *ALFARO* (Jazz) 1981

[Turns to the piece in an extremely, almost barely daring Mike Osborne a who sits aside] You know, when I hear that, it brings back feelings of desperation. It really does. I just had to get away from it. I had huge respect for Mike, his integrity and his musicality, but I had to get out. This rhythm is so... dampy, dampy, you feel like there are big snakes holding it back. Osborne was the strongest thing there.

Were the members of the Westbrook group open to influences from the free stuff that was around at the time? What we have on this sounds rather conservative now, but he was, after all, quite tolerant of your own experimentalism.

There were some open free jamming sessions back in the 1950s, before this was recorded, and I'd be able to see a few of those. His earlier band was more adventurous. Less complete, perhaps, but I think Osborne and John Surman were always good. That's about when AMM was formed, and we had a more radical agenda. By the time this was recorded, I'd stopped listening to this kind of stuff altogether, and I wasn't interested to sit in.

## Pink Floyd

### "Lucifer Sam"

FROM *THE PINK AT THE GATES OF BABY* (Jazz) 1987

This is the kind of stuff I never listen to. I kind of recognise it... I think I can guess what it is. It's the first Pink Floyd album. They were AMM then, as I've heard.

I think Syd Barrett probably was. We used to abuse the hell together, but only for a very short period. If you listen to "Flamingo", the fourth track on this record, the first 30 seconds of it are supposed to be an imitation of AMM. Syd was in the studio when we recorded *AMM* for EMI, and one of the tracks there is called "Later Under a Dreaming River's Sunset". I don't know if he chose the title "Flamingo" as a deliberate homage or not. You know, in music there are often a whole set of permissions given... John Cage in a way gave us permission to do certain things with AMM. And in a way AMM gave Syd Barrett permission to do what he did, because someone else had done it.

How were you recruited by the Swinging London public of the time?

People came along without any preconceptions, it was certainly more open then. But our involvement in that scene didn't last very long. We soon realised it was going off in another direction. The experimental music at that time was a kind of laboratory for people to try stuff out, which some very musicals later developed into product. When I think to that, that's what I fear – not overwhelmingly creative music, but music becoming a product. In some of the AMM sessions we used popular music elements, like [The Velvet Underground's] "Sister Ray" through the radio. I would take the radio and on a old Grandpa tape recorder and make long kind of loops of things



like "do do do do do do do" and repeat them initially as a kind of equivalent of the multiple you found in Pop Art at the time, a sort of version of what Warhol was doing with repeated images. It was loud, because there was also the "wall of sound" effect that came from Chvrone and, I suppose, Phil Spector, quite literally a wall of sound that [unintelligible] Lou [Grove] would try to penetrate in there was any truth to the rumor that you were invited to join Phil Spector himself after Barrett was killed out?

No, there's total silence. I don't think there was the smallest possibility of that. I didn't even though. But then again, things were as a pen in those days that I suppose any young guitarist could have easily ended up playing in The Rolling Stones or The Who.

## Earle Brown "Goon II"

FROM 1995 THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ART HISTORY  
The first thing I should say is, if I don't like something, it's my problem. It's not the musicians who are making the music. It's their privilege to make that music, and if I don't connect with it for all kinds of reasons to do with having my nose as close to my own crotch, it's my problem. There are particular sounds and ambience in that that I find very difficult to listen to. What is it?

**Earle Brown's *Goon II* is a tape collage piece from 1953. It's a huge admirer of Earle Brown, the Four Systems (December 82). Did he make the piece himself? Maybe he prefer if it wasn't played by Earle Brown. For me the great Cage pieces are played by David Tudor, not by Cage. I would say the two supreme recordings of last century are John Cage's [recording of Morton Feldman's] For Birds (1954) and David Tudor's recording of Cage's *Winterpiece II*, the one on Editions R2. The texture, the touch, the ambience, everything...it's almost another world. When I listen to this there are things I find funny.**

I think one of the difficulties with so-called abstract music is the difficulty one has with abstract painting, the problem of affectation. When you look at a de Kooning you don't have a feeling of affectation, whereas with other lesser paintings you definitely do. Sometimes it's a question of own extension, but the actual work is becoming affected. Using a radio, for example, is more complex than we realize. It's not just a question of turning it on. There's the appearance of the content, the actual formal quality, the feeling of the space and how it works in a sense. It has to have meaning and yet be transparent. Just because you're using just on a radio doesn't mean to say you wouldn't use it with the same objective care as if you were playing first voice in a Schoenberg string quartet. What we do now with discs and tapes is just the latest episode in centuries of music.

**Do you have a lot of affectation in today's music?**  
Well, think of all the paintings that were made in 1960. There are a handful of really great ones, the rest are not so brilliant, and a lot of them are awful. Why shouldn't that also be the case in music?

## AMM "At The Roundhouse" (reprint)

FROM AT THE ROUNDHOUSE (JANUARY 2000) BBC 2000  
There was quite a break in AMM at the time when Lou and Eddie did this together, and Caroline and

I went off on our own. Unfortunately hardly any of it was recorded, though I think Eddie got some pictures that Geoff [Gentle] recorded of a tour we did about this time. [Laughs] I would say that for me personally this is definitely just, the whole way it works, the forward motion it has, definitely comes from jazz. Going back to Tudor's recording at Minuscule of the wonderful thing about it is that even that event is an event, as doesn't prescribe what the next one will be. Whereas this is not going to go anywhere else than where it goes.

**I take it there's little chance of an AMM reunion. It's difficult to imagine. After what was said, a lot of it in results between Eddie and myself after the book [Minute Per Second] was published in 2004, I don't think there's any way I could entertain the possibility, to let's be honest. For me, it's just a really sad accident. It's like losing two friends in one. If it wasn't, not to be able to perform in a group which was the closest thing I'll get to classical music in a sense. The actual criticisms themselves, about playing too loud or too soft, or being part of this or that, didn't bother me so much. I didn't think I was that important to avoid listening so severely. But I worked with Eddie for 40-something years, if he'd just approached me about a rehearsal, I could have coped with that. I'm really surprised he didn't show me a pre-positioned manuscript and ask me for my reaction. I said to him, "I copy myself, and I read his critique of my work with astonishment. If he had come from someone who didn't like our kind of music, it would have made sense. It has a kind of willingness not to know, not to know...the way he describes how [Brown's 1953 solo album] *Kinsh* was made, the way he compares suffering with his music, there are endless connotations. 'Sometimes I would like to listen' is confirmed into 'I never listen'. The kind of stuff you get from a bad historian whose chief history to fit the prejudices. But as I said before, Eddie has the absolute right to write the book he wants to write. To have the privilege of writing about his events to say and think what he thinks. In AMM, if I didn't like something Eddie was doing, that was my problem. Not Eddie's problem. I just think it should be the same the other way round.**

## Howard Skempton "Surface Tension II"

FROM SURFACE TENSION (1987) 1109 BBC 1988  
I suppose we can talk over it, don't we? I don't know what it is.  
**It's your former fellow footlocker from The Scratch Orchestra, Howard Skempton, a glass writer in 2005.**

Is it the kind of...very simple, proven music. I think The Scratch Orchestra was a wonderfully by creative movement, which probably lasted just long enough, instead of going on too long, the way many of us do. I like the fact that there weren't any recordings of what we did, like leaving no trace, as a very fast trace of disappearance. In a way, The Scratch Orchestra was something we could possibly document. The orchestra itself was a kind of laboratory of action, and trying to make extension itself as an objective task. That's what I liked about The Scratch Orchestra, the fact that it couldn't be turned into a product—no one could grasp it. no one could own it. It wasn't meant to be in it—I did usually enjoy Scratch Orchestra performance most one or two pretty early work, during its recent release

period. The joy of being in such a creative group of people, the politics of it was very interesting. People being able to do what they wanted within a very Confucian kind of framework.

**Is there still a political dimension to what you do today?**

Yes, certainly. When I think of the project we involved in, like People's Liberation Music or Scratch Orchestra, it was a proposition to make a political statement of that was very clear. But that's another kind of politics too, the AMM kind, which is kind of disavowing, whose influence is ultimately positive for a lot longer. The idea of tolerance, of working problems out in the music itself.

**Is there also the case with MIMED?**

Not really. With MIMED there's no manifesto in that sense, whereas AMM started off with a very specific set of ideas.

## Plummers "Have You Seen"

FROM HAVEN FOR ROCK (2004) 1019 BBC  
[Laughs] I've got a pretty good idea who this is. I think I know [Schwartz], also Plummers and a member of MIMED. I usually remember. He's one of the very few people I know who has such a grasp of these different areas of music. Generally someone who's involved in popular music doesn't play our music. I don't think Steve Nouri can play avant-garde music. They don't have a clue. Something which is difficult to find in pop music is the idea of the architecture of a phrase—there's what makes John Tilbury such a great performer, his understanding of the importance of a phrase. In the avant-garde there's music in time and music in time, and I don't think Phil Playford, for example, knows what music is. That was it. To do with the architecture of a phrase, the actual weight of notes, how the surface tension between notes works.

## Taku Sugimoto "A Whispering Page"

FROM MOMENTS OF AWAKENING (1975) 1101  
I love the whispering, the patience. I remember you saying you enjoyed playing with Sugimoto because his notes were so clear. Yes, like the investigation of those very small sounds that you get when two pitches are ever so slightly apart. In fact, I remember seeing Tai Fung play here in Minster about ten years ago, and he started playing some standards in the same way...just sit on the stool, drawing his lip, looking at the guitar, and then played these very broad abstract lines which would cascade into "Stella By Starlight" or something.

**Once it makes a difference knowing if the piece is improvised or composed? Most of Sugimoto's recent music is the latter.**

Whatever you're playing, you need precisely the same tools. If you have to wait four or five minutes to make your note, you still have to make it with exquisite care. You could argue that you actually need more concentration in that one note than you could if you were playing 300.

**That reminds me of the instructions you devised for the members of MIMED in the recording of eight, in which the musicians were invited to record five minutes of sound anywhere they liked over a blank 60-minute CD-R, working independently of each other. When you finally heard the album with all the**

parts *supersong*, what was your reaction?

I was surprised how well it worked, and how clearly it portrayed the emotion I felt in front of the Gy. Twentieth printing I saw in Houston. We're getting into a very difficult area here: listening as a function of memory. I think you can argue that in this age project there was a flavor of listening taking place. Listening related to memory. At one point you can almost hear what I'd describe as a group look of concentration. Which of course is impossible, given how it was constructed. [Laughs]

#### The Lappetites "Disaster"

RICK ARONOFF FOR LAMBERTO (AUDIOBOOK) 2008

Very carefully done, isn't it? I don't know it at all, but it's really beautiful. The case of the listeners, the way that it moves, the layering and stacking. What is it?

There is a MIMCO connection. It's Kate Matthews with Antyn Grais, Ryoko Kawajima and Elaine Deligan, aka The Lappetites.

Ah, I've heard a lot about this but never heard it. Be useful piece of music.

You've recently taken to using laptop.

Yes, but not in the normal way. I suppose it comes from a question from Nicolas Poussin, the French painter from the 1600s, from one of his letters: "I who make a profession of real things. I like the idea of disavowing something." I use a telephone picked up on the mower, and pick up the Bluetooth communication between that and the laptop, and where the motor is, where the laser reader is, basically picking up the circuit loop of rather than stuff from the sound card. I use it as a sound source. It's a continuation of that Duchamp readymade, exploring the object.

#### Michel Henaff "Indispensable"

RICK ARONOFF FOR LAMBERTO (AUDIOBOOK) 2007

[After a minute or so of violent shuffling] I find this actual silence. Not more for making then creative. It's not something I feel attracted to. There must be a way of doing it that's more inventive. Oh, it's getting going quite nicely now. But I have no idea what it is. Well, your name's part of the album title.

Oh, right, that one. I think I played it through once. The disc is better than the text, as I recall. [Laughs] Michel did at least have the courtesy to email me the afternoon before he released it. [Laughs] I did told me what it was called and asked me if I'd be offended. I said I wouldn't be if it was one lastarily relevant, but it wasn't. It's obviously a reference to Cornelius Cardew's *Good House*. Since improvisation - which Michel's never mind. As far as I recall, Cornelius's arguments were: one, Good House detached himself from the progressive avant-garde; two, he actually changed his relationship with the performers in his compositions; and three, that he started talking mumbo jumbo [laughs]. I think there is a lot of mumbo jumbo in life now. So, it's a shame it wasn't better to be relevant.

I can't better as a short, aimed against your professional relationship with Jon Abbey and Entwistle Records.

Yes, I think it was more to do with Martin or Henaff's dislike or disapproval of Jon Abbey than it was to do with me. I think I got dragged into it. It's a shame, because if you want to do a homage to David

Boddy and Marjorie [laughs] - which is what this album is, by the way - you should leave it at that. But had it come out just as a CD without the silly-trad title, it probably wouldn't have got as much attention, would it?

#### Walter & Sabrina "Archaeology Part 1"

RICK ARONOFF FOR LAMBERTO (AUDIOBOOK) 2007

This sounds quite old.

It came out last year, actually. Sounds like it's reforming things from a long time ago. [Laughs carefully] Walter Cardew's spoken voice comes in after a couple of minutes. No, I just find it uninteresting. The music seems oddly dated, but I'm not sure whether that's not intentional. The words are... well, words. Words are not as reliable as music. Reliable?

Music seems more true, more able to know things. I have a great deal of difficulty with words. Occasionally I'm gripped by them. The way. We're human creatures, for example. But I often find it difficult to express myself with words. Music is more articulate than words. Words are the things politicians use.

That was Cornelius Cardew's son, Walter.

Was it? I was kind of shocked when I saw that photo of Walter in *The Wire* [issue 264]. I thought I'd better write to him to find out how he was.

#### Leonel Power "Credo"

RICK ARONOFF FOR LAMBERTO (AUDIOBOOK) 2008

Credo. Credo. Credo.

Amazing, isn't it?

The playlist you sent to *The Wire*'s Charts page in issue 302 was almost exclusively classical music. Is that what you listen to most?

Yes, generally speaking. I'd probably have been better off today if you'd played Schubert and Haydn. I've been lucky that first couple of years, because I've had the privilege of seeing [Early Music specialists] The Tallis Scholars live here. Is this the Tallis Scholars?

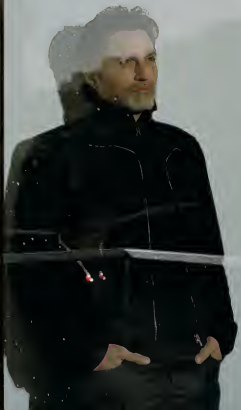
The Tallis Scholars, actually - it's from a collection of late medieval English music. I give no prominence at all to knowing what the piece is. You don't need to know who it is. The only thing that attracts me is the music itself.

That's just as well, because no one knows for sure who composed many of the works in the *Old Hall Manuscript*. This piece is by Leonel Power.

Is it really doesn't matter who it is. When you write into an art gallery you approach it probably. It doesn't matter what he or she painted as the 12th century or the 20th - the painting itself is what matters, its quality, the way it's been put together. The actual music itself when you hold in your hand, is the music. There is really no difference whether it's by Leonel Power or Peter Reilly. C.



## Downhill racer



Ex-Japan drummer Steve Jensen might have just released his acclaimed solo debut album *Slope*, featuring vocals by his brother David Sylvian and Anja Garbarek among others, but he still prefers to duck the limelight and run for the shadows. Words: Rob Young Photography: Leon Chew

"Five big years is a time without playing the drums," confesses Steve Jensen. "I never practice!" The statement might come as some surprise to anyone who's followed his career since his first foray as drummer of arty New Romanticists Japan. From his work on rock of anger David Sylvian's subsequent solo albums and collaborations with the other former members Mike Kim and Richard Barbieri, plus guest slots with the likes of Yellow Magic Orchestra's Ryuichi Sakamoto and Yoshinori Takashi, and a diverse CV of session work with everyone from Amy Garbarak and No Man to Claudia Brücken and Joan Armatrading, Jensen has made a niche for himself as a drummer with an unusually large bag of tricks.

Not that Jensen made it easy to follow his trail. Almost the first thing he says, when I pick him up in the lobby of the West London hotel where we meet, is how much he values his anonymity and dislike "marketing a project." The group New Horizons (named a couple of years ago with Sylvian and Cologne producer Burt Franzen, whose in-part act Jensen was) is developing itself far from being well known in the home studio. The resulting *Slope* (Slope Records) album was only a partial release, but the newly released *Slope*, the first CD to bear his name alone, is a far stronger proposition. A step aside from much of what he's done before, it's a focused record of atmospheric, instrumental passages, deftly mixed songs, arctic melodic. Finely wrought tracks of scored electronics are spiced with enough human biology to muddy the waters of digital clarity. This is Jensen the composer, the home studio hermit.

"It's like mirth," he chuckles. "I'm not so interested in capturing the performance as a player." The more interested in coming up with ideas, it's really exploring...and I find I can do a lot more if I'm exploring information rather than relying on my technique, because that is just an instinct and there's no thought behind it - you end up having your own bias. Also, seeing things visually as a screen, how they're placed, it takes you away from all that and leads you somewhere else. You want to make certain things sound like a human player, but at the same time to incorporate these elements that are feeling that.

"It's about having a setup that allows you to just throw that in the mix, at any point - that's the crucial thing," he continues. "I don't rely on a lot of technology, it's more a question of when you throw in from outside, rather than all the plug ins and getting obsessed with all of that."

He never talked on the drums - "so I don't like practicing. But I enjoy occasionally playing for the sake of it. On the tour we did recently" - late recently came off a two-month global stint with Sylvian - "I really enjoyed it. The material was suitable, it wasn't too physically exerting. It was a more set of songs dynamically for the drums, there was space for things to occur."

Plenty of things occur on *Slope*, but few of them are the result of live interaction between players. Jensen wrote most of the music over several years, in long hours of meticulous programming and

sampling at his home studio, then, in a six-month burst, he stretched out and studied in various vocifers to write lyrics and turn all of the music into songs. "My interest is really in composing the track and the music, and the idea of the piece," he explains. "It can be a bit of a challenge to find the right vocalists to fit in with that." Amy Garbarek instantly recognizes the jagged hints of "Cancelled Plans" - the one first world as her album *Singing And Writing* (2007) - and they also contributed to the soundtrack to Luc Besson's recent film *Angel-A*. "She's very musical as a composer, she has that sense in her head of a director and a personality, and she used the different sections dynamically to portray the emotions of the character that she's telling the story of."

Other contributors include Joan Wasser of Joan As Policarwan, Sweet Billy Pilgrim's The Dismember, the late-vocalist Thomas Prender of Swedish duo Anyheer, young Swedish prodigy Nasa Kinet, and David Sylvian. These there is also an all with an arsenal of tape loops and effects. For Jensen, such long distances between his the holy and of contemporary music making. "I think we're living in an exciting time where there's just developing to a point where it's practical. You can send a file to somebody and they've got to get it to it as they want. They can work on it when they feel like it when they feel inspired to do it. If you book a studio and the vocalist comes at, they're on the spot - they may not have a good day, and there's your session. Now, working like this, it's all simplified, and people are free, and they have time to do what they want to do and send you a selection of things they think might work. I think everybody's happier with it that way - it gives you control and freedom to explore. You don't have to be there saying, 'That's not going to work...' And it's also easier to try no, as an email. No awkward moments..."

As for Jensen's own lyrics, you'll have to wait a long time to hear any. "I find it much more pleasurable to write poetry or lyrics that are a bit confused by song structures. The rhythms of the lyrics or the rhyming content, all those concerns start to take it away from the honesty of the written word. I think unless you're a great lyricist. So I feel there do it, and also it allows them to feel connected to a part of it."

Along with Sylvian - his elder brother by a year - Jensen was one of the founders of Semtex, the independent label that has become the focus for the most recent phase of their solo work, as well as releasing albums of music by a cast as diverse as David Sylvian, Sweet Billy Pilgrim, Harold Budd, Alan Roberts and David Toop. It's a partnership that dates its roots back to their adolescence on South London streets in the early '70s, inspired by members of the bands, The Beatles, and hearing the early folk trio The Beatles backed by Mickey Finn, they began listening away at an acoustic guitar and a pair of bongos. Encouraged by their sons' enthusiasm, their parents took the next step of buying them a guitar and a drum kit for Christmas. "We went how

to make music together at an early age, and I think that was a very important step," Jensen affirms. "We recorded on one of those old tape recorders, listening to the microphone so that the guitar sounded electric, and stepping our feet on a piece of foam for the rhythm." Not long after, David and Stephen Barn (for that is the real family name) leapt through the telephone directory looking for names similar to their idols. Sylvian and David Johnson of The New York Dolls, Jensen changed his name by deed poll before he had even left school, slightly confusing their parents. "The whole fashion statement - and the attitude that comes with that - was hard for them to deal with. It was identifying with what you saw on TV and not fitting in at school," recalls Jensen. "So you form a little group that's isolated and trying to be different from other kids. And music helps people to bond together."

Jensen spends a good deal of time in Japan (the country), where he finds a large proportion of his employment. Much of his professional life has been based by his experiences there, which date right back to the earliest days of Japan (the group) who had a festival following among the country's teenagers long before they were having hits in Britain. He's planning a multimedia performance of *Slope* and more of his music in Tokyo early next year, as well as finishing off music for an art exhibit there. It's a very different Japan, of course, from the one he shared as a teenager himself. "It's very Americanized. It's funny, our hotel was right in the middle of Shibuya, which is where all the young people hang out. And most of the young Japanese guys go around looking like rap-star: 'neds' - you know, the blonde hair and loads of jewellery and tons of make-up. And they all look like that, the whole area. That's the problem - it's very hard to find people doing things individually. It's all of the herd."

That said, Jensen applauds the country's efficiency. "The Japanese are very open to putting things together, getting people to work together, and generating a buzz, and finding the money from sponsors somehow. They always find big businesses who want to invest in the arts - I wouldn't be able, but to bring together a band and a strong support and interesting visuals and lighting. It's very easy place to live, to work - it's all about being productive and getting things moving and having deadlines and schedules."

Jensen is already starting to send out invitations to a new roster of vocalists and musicians for his next solo work, which he hopes to begin down in 2008. And he has impossible progress from the declared drum stool at the rear of the stage to the kitchen table where the footstool will continue. "It's a bit of a conflict for me, because I feel like he got things out there, and live performance seems to be the focus, not the drummer. So I'm trying to minimize the footprint element as much as I can. If people can trust it like they're seeing a film or something, I'd be happy." *Slope* is out now on Semtex Records. [www.semtextorecords.com](http://www.semtextorecords.com)

**Six Organs Of Admittance** is only one of Ben Chesny's many activities - he's also a member of Comets On Fire, Current 93, Badgerlore and Besalt Fingers - but it's where he most fully realises his obsessive-compulsive quest to reconcile folk-blues, heavy rock and dark, creaking dronescapes. Words: Keith Moliné Photography: Eva Vermandel

"I'm pretty guarded about certain things," confesses Californian guitarist/vocalist Ben Chesny, the main behind recent folk project Six Organs Of Admittance. "I usually shy away from talking about my music. I wish I could say, like Bob Dylan, that it comes from the streets or something. Maybe it does, but if I felt that, I'd never tell anybody. I don't have to press the start button, the music just happens. It's then I start writing."

Chesny is indeed a lot of a woman, cheerfully admitting he's "always upright about some thing". Which is a little strange in the light of the word's responsiveness he's been garnering for the new Six Organs album *Shelter From The Ash*, perhaps his most confident statement yet. It is a bold, accessible collection, which edges less closer to traditional songlines than his has ever been, but retains the customary droning undercurrents and disquieting textures of earlier albums such as his 1998 self-titled debut and the following year's lurid into Nightly Trembling. Its zealous with the notion that the album represents a kind of synthesis of these earlier concerns, with the more straightforward songwriting manoeuvres of his two most recent albums, *Sabbot O' The Flower* (2005) and *The Swan Awakes* (2006). "I was trying to mix it," he explains over a glass of Irish whiskey, after scotchwhisking for Six Organs' London show. "All I want is for it to have a purpose. I feel like I've never really realised what I think I need. I guess I'm just never satisfied. But I don't get it this time, which is good, because you can't really keep trying forever."

On *Shelter From The Ash*, the song arrangements serve Chesny's hushed words rather than providing a self-contained structure in which the lyrical content and voice are almost redundant, which has arguably been the case on previous albums. "This is the record I structured the most," he agrees. "It's the first record that I did deserve for, just to get an idea of what it was going to sound like. A lot of

songs I wrote. I'm totally happy having one shared. But there are three chords in some of those songs - it's possible I'm really working deep with the songwriting!" In addition to the more complex musical arrangements, Chesny's lyrics are far more evocative than before. Indeed, it could be argued that an eagle like "Strangled Reed" (the lyrics take centre stage). "The words didn't come first, but I knew with this record I wanted to have them conveyed a little bit more," he explains. "Usually they're a way more of an afterthought. I think that's why I decided to make the songs have more of a natural song structure, because I wanted to get the lyrics across more than I usually do. With a lot of the earlier records I was probably a little more self-involved with the lyrics, singing about me, me, me. I was doing with things and then it got on the record. I kind of buried a lot of the stuff so that it wouldn't be so embarrassing. Not that they're bad or anything, but this is the first record where I've started to look outside a little bit."

With its images of del and dust, and its themes of flesh under attack and the search of not for salvation, then some kind of solace and relief, the album is likely to be read as a response to events in the Middle East - not to mention the fact that Chesny has lived the UK, to the Website of the anti-war lobbyists Veterans For Peace (www.veteransforpeace.org). "It's not specifically about war, but that's the backdrop for a lot of it," he confirms. "Like, although 'Coming To Get You' is a love song, it's placed against that backdrop. 'Strangled Reed' is a lot more directly about that. It's interesting to sing a song about losing your faith when it's not necessarily about me losing my faith, but imagining a situation in which people lose their faith. It comes from reading about those situations, learning about those situations."

Chesny puts much of the album's salidity down to the teen influences of his father, a former war vet

himself and his closest collaborator and constant muse, Glen Ambrosio from Connecticut near mile Megli Melrose. She seems to establish the outer generator of the Six Organs territory with her serene vocal delivery on the one hand and feral, demonic electric guitar solos on the other, leaving Chesny and guests - Neil Harmanese, Matt Swenney and Tim Green - to roam free within it, producing a dense, richly layered sound on tracks like the beautifully exploratory "First Wing". "The first time I ever saw them play the guitar, I couldn't see their hands, they were playing with that much freedom," he gushes. "It just blew my mind. Plus that's my favourite songwriter. With Glen it was the first time I handed lyrics over to someone and said, 'What do you think?'"

After an unsuccess early history of playing live at various local high school centres, Ben Chesny's musical journey began in earnest when his father forced him to sit down and listen to Nick Drake's *Five Leaves Left*. "At the time I was playing rock, so it was like, 'Whatever, Dad,'" he remembers. "But then the first release of the first song ['Time Has To Be Made'] just blew me away, and I said, 'I'm playing acoustic guitar.' That led into listening to lots of Leo Kottke. I thought, these guys inspire. So Nick Drake, the thing I heard on those early Leo Kottke records, those things made me pick up an acoustic."

What was crucial to his development and generated him from peering the wooden walls of new folk troubadours of the mid 60s, however, was his concurrent immersion in old rock electric improv. "At the worst some time I discovered acoustic guitar. I also discovered people like Rudolph Grey and KS Mull." relates Chesny. "I had no idea how to put everything together. It wasn't until I started doing Six Organs, when I realised the improvisational aspect of the sort of guitar could fit with the folk guitar. And that was the biggest attention. I was trying to see how I could combine Leo Kottke and Rudolph Grey."



# Circling round the sun



Ben Chasny in London, November 2007



**"Repetition is really soothing to me. It has to do with a chemical imbalance or obsessive compulsive disorder. I don't wash my hands 50 million times - I just write a riff that goes over and over again"**

Another important influence on Cheaney's developing aesthetic was that of dreamers such as AMM, Coil and Organs. *Dark Nocturne* is a collage of futureland visions of experimental drift, with bells and bowed metals forming prominently. It could easily be argued that this early material is more collage than composition; the acoustic "songs" are not strictly underpinned by some abstraction, but frequently subsumed by it to the point where it seems that they exist more like narrative signposts, much in the same way that an experimental soundscape might make use of a vocal or instrumental sample.

For Organs Of Admittance take their name from a Buddhist term referring to the five human senses and the soul. Many Six Organs songs explore the mantic effects of repetition and drone, with Cheaney's fingerpadded guitar figures and bustling pedal notes often spinning out well beyond the ten-minute mark. Typically, his raptures lie in his nervous tension rather than any psychological quest. "Repetition is just really soothing to me," he reveals. "I think it has more to do with a chemical imbalance or obsessive compulsive disorder. It's like rocking back and forth in a chair. I mean I don't wash my hands 50 million times [laughs]. I just write one off the guitar over and over and over again." The shorter songs on *Shelter From The Ash*, with their compendiously abrupt musical shifts and reduced emphasis on repetitive motifs, not only reflect his newfound willingness to take outside his psyche for inspiration, but also suggest an artist who may well be approaching a state of...altered it...contenance. "Because before I was writing about things from my life, trying to get them out, squeeze out the poison, I was in a nervous state in the first place. So the repetition was a way to get the poison out. If I was writing from someone else's perspective, I'm less nervous, and that's another reason why I can make a song now. I don't have to have the content riff over and over again, like 'Redirection Of Being' or 'Nightly Thinking' that was a summer time, and it was kind of a bummer, too."

With *Competition For Dirt Devils* (for both 2003), Cheaney pared down his approach, pulling the drones and stringed-out bass in the mix and placing the emphasis firmly on his guitar and voice. Though it could be argued that in doing so he was sacrificing some of the magic of his early albums, it can be viewed as a necessary step towards the light that his work since *Subtle Of The Power* represents. Nevertheless, in his London performance a few hours later, there is a slightly uneasy air of earnest forbearance to his opening quartet of rock noisefest pieces. On the album these pieces represent against the repetitiveness that breeds them, out of context, Cheaney almost certainly unwittingly but probably inevitably, comes across as a fingerpadded gunkling/noisefest, without the technical adroitness of a Jack Rose or a Bert Jansch to really carry it off his recordings, however, leave a gift

that undercuts any first whiff of pretentiousness. Their interest lies in the way they sound, either then or what's going on in a strictly contemplative time. "My records were recorded putting on SMI 57 [microphone] into the soundhole of the guitar," he reveals. "Because it's there you can hear wind creating sounds and everything, I really wanted to record the sound." It's through techniques like this that Cheaney somehow draws out the obscure and obscure latent in the folk forms and makes them tangible. Typically, his underlines any areas that he might have a grand scheme for traditional song. "I don't really listen to much traditional folk," he insists. "I don't even listen to modern folk music much. I like acoustic guitar more than I like folk music. I like the way it sounds, but I'm not a big fan of a lot of the music that's made with it."

With his recent work on the Greg City label, he has pulled no influences to provide the kind of disorientating contexts that his sonic explorations provided before. Although he tented concepts as to how these records are going to sound is definitely experimental, they always end up sounding like Six Organs records - and even their creator says I decide whether that represents cause or collaboration or disappointment. "That's always an idea of what the record's going to sound like," he asserts. "It's the first thing that comes. The original idea of *School Of The Flowers* was that it was going to be like Alice Coltrane or Pharoah Sanders. I was getting Chris Carrano on it. It was going to be a whole new thing. But it ended up sounding like Six Organs with live drumming. For The Sun Awakened I had the drone in my head. Originally, that was going to be it. I wanted to make a double LP of the most gentle someone there ever. But then songs started to come in that worked within the same element of the drone. It's always the same," he sighs, "everything ends up like Six Organs."

Part of the reason for the more traditional bent of Six Organs' recent work is that Cheaney has a number of contacts for his more serious musical tendencies. In fact, his most rock-side credits are his tape ministrations by a couple of years. Under the influence of Fushimatsu and The Dead C, his first serious group. Pagan Lunch earned the slightly dubious honour of having Carney On Fire frontman David Miller suggesting that they "take up their share" Of course, Cheaney ended up joining Miller's group and gets slightly prickly at the suggestion that his influence led to the ensemble's approach of 2003's *Avatar* album. "Everyone thinks I wrote the quiet ones, but that's not the other guys," he storms in mock outrage. "I mean, I love those piano songs [like] 'Sleep' and 'Little Rhythms' are both great songs. But I wrote the rockers. People say I made the Carney sound real slow, but I joined the band so I could play heavy rock. So don't blame me." While the psych rock elements of Carney On Fire have fed back into *Shelter From The Ash* (and in particular the 20 minutes "Rise Of Transfiguration" from The

Sun Awakened), Cheaney's more subtle tendencies are allowed free rein in the group. Disfigure, an impressive supergroup in the *Shelter From The Ash* in that includes Rob Fox, Ben Carter, Peter Swenson and others. The trio also benefit from collaborations with Arcturians and Gavin Sullivan of Mouths, which started as a homage to the shared Metal guitar heroes of their youth but, thanks in part to Sullivan's distinctive production style, sounds like a promised ritual recorded under the star of sludge. Wilson, of course, is a recommendation.

Cheaney was also heavily involved with the recording of Carney 20's 2003's album *Black Ship*. The Ship and the David Tibet-led group's subsequent LP, "I actually improvised most of the songs in the studio, just coming up with the riffs, which Tibet then added into songs," he reveals. "Then he wanted to play the songs live, and I had no idea how to play them because I was improvising things at the same time and I couldn't remember them. But I was a big Carney 20 fan so it was a real thrill for me. A lot of Carney 20 stuff is very repetitive as well, like rituals that really go on for 45 minutes. But the previous lead Steven Stapleton's work on that. That whole idea of the sounds and the drones made sense. Dark Nocturne is very like All The Pretty Little Aliens, the way that the sounds come in and out." I suggest that he shares with Tibet a sense of quiet, a yearning for the sacred. Cheaney is not so sure. "David has a spiritual thing happening, but I'm a lot more concerned with relationships between people," he says. "My work is very more concerned with how people treat each other. When Tibet and I have most to connect is that we're a bit serious. One of us more than the other. I won't say who."

In his extremely complimentary review of *Shelter From The Ash* (The Wire 248), Ian Penman borrowed the fact that too much has been said about Cheaney the guitarist when we should be focusing on "the elements of his work that are definitely more physical world." Which is all very well and you ask Cheaney himself to expound on the various manifestations of drone in music that have marked different phases of his work. "With the early stuff I'd just got an acoustic guitar, a tiny electric one," he smiles, determined not to be drawn. "Over At Cheaney was all acoustic. As was the first [self-titled] record. On *Dark Nocturne* I started experimenting with heavier stuff like my mother's board white noise. Complete was written nearly drinking beer. No pot though. Pot smokers really make the best music. When I live most of those kinds of people have to drink."

Fending off a final desperate lunge for a grand philosophical proclamation, something about his response to my view of his work as being all about embodying the quality of disfigure and release, it's most embarrassingly unimpressive of me to say, smile. "Some people call it druality, some call it lapidary druality," he says. "Depends on who you talk to, artist or doctor." © Shelter From The Ash is our new CD Greg City

Top: Great Salt Stewer at Stinking on an island near  
Shishikobu. March 1978. Left to right: Thomas Rura Gorta,  
Tobyjara Ahallu, Anna Ercanum. In bottom: Peruvian.



A black and white photograph of a man with long hair, wearing a dark coat, crouching in a snowy field. In the background, there is a dense forest of evergreen trees on a hill. The text 'Once upon a time in Sweden' is overlaid on the right side of the image.

# Once upon a time in Sweden

Born of the country's unique liberal democracy in the late 60s and early 70s, Swedish groups Parson Sound, International Harvester and Tråd, Gras Och Stenar threw up some mindblowing mixtures of psychedelic folk, cosmic rock and communitarian politics. Jim Weir – who was involved at the fringes of the scene – gives an eyewitness account of a utopian moment in European counterculture



Pinco Sound founder Bo Anders Persson.

**"Sweden was prosperous, solicitous, and so affectedly dull and domestic on the surface you knew there was something wild underneath it"**

Dot was as gang... there was a music, sweet music of a girl in her pleasure, and in a blackbird's face in the hemlock light, loud, black and chrome-plated like the smile that ate its tail. It seemed to eat it for away, law and blue against the horizon when the summer storm flickers, then grows in intensity, enveloping and without and like when the thunder finds its target and won't leave. It was called this music, out of the city by young men, and taken to the towns where friends waited. You can hear the friends too on the records that we left behind, part of the music, part of the moment.

Dot was as gang... a boy and his father. The boy liked Sweden because there was fish and cheese for breakfast, and because the girls were tall and pretty. The father, because freedom meant, of different sorts, though he quite liked the girls, too. His father was a libertarian. Freedom was not just a word. The girls looked at them together and wondered when was going on. The man and the boy were not really looking at the girls. They were looking for someone who was kind, and probably more kind than he knew.

The father had come to Sweden before, to write about an Andy Warhol show for a British magazine and to write about the future surrounding (Am Curious? Willow). So he knew his way around. The boy hadn't and didn't. But they were looking for the same person, the former girl of his, friend and benefactor of the other. There were many Americans living in the west of Scotland in the 1960s where Polaris guarded the Free World against the Red Shadow. Their children went to school there and, being the children of immigrants, either embraced the drift or resisted it with a kind of fierce rejection. One boy had been an easy and stupid back. Later, as he had been with the younger Scottish kids he shed into a group. Kyle Kambie had changed his surname to Gentry to have the same initials as his ICE Mission brotherhood, but the British hadn't been fooled.

They found him, signed him up and sent him to Vietnam, where he lost a buddy on the first day. He looked out, put a round through the back of his own chest, got sent home again, and then his way and kept going. If he got to Sweden, which was odd and absurd and didn't think freedom was just a word. He worked up, in more ways than one, earning a few crowns and a pile of food working in cafes, spent much of it on dope to ease the pain in his leg, and the rest listening to music.

We found him - because there's no point pretending this happened to someone else - standing outside Stockholm railway station, trying to sell the jacket he was wearing. Inside, a guy had just poured petrol over himself and lit it, in protest over something, or just in despair. His two separate return visits, understanding, the same thing happened, which is why I'm superstitious about the smell of gasoline. IHC was founded but OK. The jacket was a heavy - but not heavy enough for nights rough - combat jacket with "BELIEVE I'LL GO TO HELL, BECAUSE I SPENT MYTIME IN HELL - KYLE SANH" stitched on the back, with the words going round a

little three-coloured map of Vietnam. South, North, DMZ. He'd never been near Kyle Sanh, and the jacket was a trade for something else along the way, but he'd had his season in hell all the same.

Sweden at the end of the 60s was a mecca for draft dodgers, beat jumpers and other square pegs. Its sanctuary status had been confirmed by Joseph Heller at the start of the decade in *Catch-22*. The war itself that is also a love story, an story about the impossibility of love in a warlike state. Sweden was prosperous, solicitous, and so affectedly dull and domestic on the surface you knew there was something wild underneath it. *Catch-22* was also a somewhat comic reworking of *Alibi* in Woodstock, and its sense of surface order and subterranean loosening of restraint - even anarchy, made perfect sense in Sweden at the time. The country had two faces then, and has only started to lose one of them in recent years, having become in the first decade of a new century, in many ways, and against the common rule of homogenized air and media, a more modern Swedish than it had been for many years, perhaps never. Because they didn't afford to, Sweden looked out to the world and invited the world in, but when the world turned its back they went back to being themselves, only slightly changed by the contact.

When American jazz came to Sweden, they all played "Dear Old Stockholm" with all the right drags and authentic swing. When they went away again, old sounds seemed to creep back in, the yowls of the bar, the jangle of the nightclubs. Even the great Lars Guller, one of the greatest bebopians ever, and a catalyst for the few American visitors, used playing Swedish folk on his own things. When Persson played and sang the blues, and we heard him three, four times at the start of the decade, he did so in a strong Swedish accent - almost impenetrable to outsiders.

HC was into all this stuff. He had long since accepted Charlie Parker as his personal hero, but he was big to everything else as well. Stockholm, said, early psych, and he was he told us, as if our meaning had been planned to the moment and we were slightly late then, perhaps, starting up a group, if we could just give him enough to get his guitar back out of lock. Wild been fired up by a band called Persson Sound, could a trap talking about them.

Terry Riley had come to Stockholm in the early part of 1965, to give an special performance at the C and to prepare a new work for Swedish schoolchildren called *Close* or *One of the performers on the C was a classmate - aren't they always?* - music student, guitarist and tape-image artist. Bo Anders Persson, who talked about the Royal Academy of Music in the same group, and the US Army. Riley opened eyes and ears, and in the weeks that followed the *Amersbach* visit Persson began to assemble Pinco Sound. He was joined by fellow Academy student Arne Ericsson, who played piano, by another Stockholm student, Tordrup Albin, who



Persson Sound (center) before adding 'International' to their name at Gårds Café, Stockholm, June 2003.

played bass, and drummer Thomas Venn Gertz, who'd been playing psych rock The Music Mox. Mark Reda, reporter and budding poet Thomas Tullman had come to do an item on the nascent group and ended up as their saxophonist. There were other associate members, including violinist Yvonne and the extraordinary drummer Bengt Berger.

The group was seen performing, recording and even broadcasting round Stockholm, and it turned out my father had caught them in February 1968 at the Werhol exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. It was that, even more than the repetitive, improvisatory frolic of their music, heard regularly at Fågel, the leading new music club in Stockholm, but certainly no Macy's Kansas City, that cemented a blind career-long association with The Velvet Underground: it's a fatidicist connection. However Persson was influenced by meeting Riley and by estimates of the American underground, the music he was making with Persson Sound drew deeper as an indigenous tradition that was as much about music as a participatory social force as a collect of styles. The essence of Persson Sound and its successors lay in a fresh nexus with the audience. Sure, the music was freer than rock so far was its relationship with these who listened.

The distinctive emergence of Swedish democracy fell on an agrarian-industrial camp that made, crudely, the collision of vernacular forms with high-end experiment and abstractly epistolaries on

assemble and definitive characteristics of the country's own developing "underground." The Velvets played to tiny numbers, a shape of similarity rounded outwards with some social pull. By contrast, Persson Sound played to far larger audiences, presented deeper into the wider culture by virtue of its smaller size and a longstanding tradition of local and social music making. What they may have learned in terms of sound was more by way of confirmation than source.

There's certainly something of a Riley influence on "Besttime," though perhaps more of the manipulative energy on that stringed out comes from Persson's own tape experiments, which often involved running a tape through two machines straight, one of them set to record, the other on play, which resulted in the huge washes of overtone and accumulated noise that come to define their group sound. By contrast, "Go How To Live" from the previously unreleased archive recordings eventually put out on Subversive Sound in 2001, is a strange piece of acoustic tinkering with distortion; it suggests something between The Incredible String Band and a child recording. The rock outfit, like "Say Good Night—Mama!" has hints of British blues rock and American heavy psychedelia, but at root it comes from its own strange place and a psyche in which dreams are cultural persistence and not therapeutic devices. The other thing my father liked about Sound made was its openness to the organic therapy of Wilhelm Reich. When we met International! Haverstad later, the

first important affiliation of Persson Sound, he claimed to see six stars of front blue light around the players, a sure sign that Reichian energies—out past sexual, but also a given biology and goodness—were in place.

If one thing defined The Velvets' distinctive soundworld, it was Cole's wail. By the same token, Persson Sound was identifiable by the vocalized call of Ericson's electric cello, which gave these early pieces a weird, rage-like intensity. KC was in there to the music and to the guys, who seemed to treat him as an ongoing embarrassment: persistent, loud, eager to please but equally insistent on his own creative independence. He introduced us around and took us to gigs, mostly in tiny clubs and private houses. He also immediately recruited us to his own new group. At school, we'd gone out as The Clodds, playing pop-jazz and a few longform things that neither dispensed with strict time or else rode it into absurdity; the one surprising thing suggests something like The Nodes. But with saxophone, guitar and weirdly obscure keyboards. In Stockholm, KC was going out though no one much was asking him to. As Clodds, the name a derivative of Clodds, but with the Velvets' grain of cloddy built in and three resident strings by a simple misgiving. In 1970, we made two single discs, recorded and pressed on equipment used for making educational materials for schools. A few cassettes survived until the mid-80s when they were stolen from—or rather with—a car in London, while Cassey was hospitalized in Friars Barnet.

Class was, seasonally, longer lived than Plinea Sound, but only in the sense that the original guitar, saxophone, electric violin, sometimes trumpet or, usually, percussion, very occasionally trumpet or, but line-up persisted for a decade and a half, transitioning into other constellations and personnel. Plinea Sound alone gave way to International Harvester and, perhaps most important, T&A, Gila, Gila-Gila (Tina, Grass And Greens). We were back in Sweden in 1970, but confined to meet the Gila festival (the country's fabled version of Woodstock) which took place in June, largely because we'd both eaten a supper of mushrooms that turned out to be either bad or mildly poisonous, inducing vomiting and migraines. It was in the festival that Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner's definition: Gila-Gila 12 & 19 was recorded, a Swedish hybrid of new breed, improvisatory rock (nothing particularly Gila-Gila) and a sort of "Life force and", though critics have always needed to throw up an American analogy to explain this stuff. Early conceptions like "In Kammer Gila" and strange covers of things like "Jill Gibb The Witchtower" and "Sensation", they're also on the earlier Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner LP.

Plinea Sound was, in the most very short-lived, Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner had greater promise of longevity. In between came International Harvester. The new group shifted emphasis away from abstract improvisation and in the direction of psychedelia, folk. Trifid's skills as a poet became more evident, and we were to develop further in that direction when he left (with Yvonne) to form The Hair Boys and then to develop a career as a children's writer. The album *Red Hot Rock Music* came out in 1968 on the Swedish label, recently reissued on CD. It's a curious blend of two positions – "Sensationalism" ("Summer Song"), "I Will Be Sluggish" ("In The Soundless Wood") – and curiously apocalyptic ideas like "Disaster" (the opener), "The Runaway Report On Western Progress" ("The Chills") and one about the prime minister. Finally, in performance, Harvester was beginning to foreground ideas of participatory involvement. At some events, instruments were thrust into fans' hands, and others audience reaction was spontaneously incorporated into the performance. All one year in 1968, KC and I played electric instruments with no prior knowledge of the material being played. It was exhilarating and refreshingly oblique.

We were in the time all somewhat sold on the notion of Sweden, and Scandinavia generally, as a sexual Eden. The reality was more bracing than that.

**"We were all somewhat sold on the notion of Sweden, and Scandinavia generally, as a sexual Eden. The reality was more bracing than that"**

Though there were essentially 'gay groups', and there were considerable sexual misbehaviors around, my instinct is that there was a certain level of professional or proto feminist respect, an understanding that family relationships and responsibilities could not simply be eliminated by fat or thin, and a range-up political consciousness that consciously blended liberal men's principles with a more mystical and organic philosophy of ancient authorities. Much of this was reflected in Harvester's music.

The dissemination about this was central to Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner's philosophy. The philosophy of performance was largely identical to studio recording, and the two important albums *Gjengæle Leg* (1971) and *More More* (1972) were both live (though they deliberately preserve the roughness and crowd presence of the actual events). By contrast, 1972's *Rock For Krage Gila-Gila* has a perfunctory quality, as if the music has been standardized at some level, staged, and played by the experts that made the group so compelling and exclusive. Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner's inclusion of the original Plinea Sound also took the psychedelia as a more obviously blues-influenced direction, a loosely allegorical format that seemed less appropriate for dancing than for work or walking.

Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner, released in 1972, is a fascinating effort. The LP opened with a Harvester inspired version of "Witchtower" and "Sensation" (American rock album with an edgy, bluesy spin, but ended with "Sivert's Point", an extraordinary collection for jazz, pop and violence that follows "Jill Gibb At Folter" ("Power To The People").

An audience that makes Country J&B's double in the same territory were more than just and performing their activities. The same formula is repeated on "Milkshake", one of the clearest-cut tracks on *Gjengæle Leg*, which also depends on jazz's pop and folk. Arguably, because it does also seem like a formula, it's a sign that the group were already evolving into style. The sheer freedom and stretched out intensity of live performances at the time related against that for a while. "In Kammer Gila" was a rhythm and slowly evolving development that suggests something more than the human fractals suggested by Gila-Gila Steiner's *Grass And Greens*, a powerful transcendence of the merely individual without a surrender to the totalitarian mass.

None of this music can entirely be understood without some glance at Sweden's geopolitical position. A small time nation, but with no unwanted

prestige to the Atlantic. A northern European nation whose odds seem to have been as much as we at. The most vivid and perhaps of the 20th century reality – Sweden was a war confidant in two world wars, though known to be more sympathetic to Germany – was a central source of men and a party grounded in within liberalism and sufficiently unswayed by the Soviet Union to welcome socialism and the German political life nowhere else in Europe, even Norway failed to follow the logic to its destination. Swedish music of the time came out of a highly regulated society whose promises were radically different to any other in the developed world. A kind of enlightened primitivism, industrialized socialism by behind Plinea Sound and its successors.

Gila-Gila Steiner's moment to me in northern Sweden in the summer of 1972, but not at the planned beginning. The venue was full of instruments, which were distributed to members of the audience almost at random. Certainly, no one was left to play their own. There were no songs at such, just a series of sounds and motifs, which were repeated, elaborated, occurred pretty much as well. The dust thrown up from the floor made bars of sunlight look like solid objects, and made what had become a too easy liberation seem like the prison of (semi-) style, precisely what the more determined and principled philosophy of Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner managed to avoid.

The wheels came off on the way back to Stockholm. Gila-Gila Steiner was a dancer under the veneer and a slow-motion on the road, on the outskirts of a tiny village. We played out, found the broken sole of my shoe, managed to break down the local fence to reconstruct it. As the sun hovered as low as it needed to get at that season, we began to play again, mainly at first, then with increasing volume and energy as people came out of houses, stopped in cars, went off to collect and bring back bottles and drums. There was no group, no audience, no performance space. There was nothing but sunlight, a girl's cry in the bushes as she and her boyfriend made their own music, the bedroom's ching and hiss, a kind of roll in a cloud fog for us to sit at. Underneath was a sort of small, open, or maybe just innocent, wilderness. They did not see their own talent, and they did not care. For once, they simply walked away and, for the moment, in Eden. □ Trifid, Gila-Gila Steiner came to record and perform in the city. For a full discography and availability, go to [www.gila.se/](http://www.gila.se/)



David Byrne (left) stands in front of Sweden's new government building, Stockholm, 1976



(Clockwise from top left) Byrne and the band Talking Heads, circa 1980-85. (Left to right) In Sweden, Byrne, David Byrne, Talking Heads, David Byrne, David Byrne, David Byrne





## 50 Records of the Year

In our 16 page review, we present our Top 50 Records Of The Year and the winning releases in each genre as voted for by our writing squad, who also offer their personal highlights of 2007. We also survey developments in song, Techno, sound art and the DIY underground, plus, a selection of this year's high-ranking musicians deliver their verdicts on the past 12 months

## 2007 Rewind

- 01 **Robert Wyatt** *Concertos* 100%
- 02 **Bunni Vintus** *Amicus*
- 03 **Panda Bear** *Person Pitch* 96 100%
- 04 **OM** *Pilgrimage* 95 100%
- 05 **LCD Soundsystem** *Sound Of Silver* 94 100%
- 06 **Van Sledright** *Traumatic Reflexes* 93 100%
- 07 **From The Moving Frontier** 93 100%
- 08 **MSA** *Kula m*
- 09 **Battles** *Turnout* 93 100%
- 10 **Ricardo Villalobos** *Palmas 36* 93 100%
- 11 **Göteborgs Grindaren** 93 100%
- 12 **Kasabian** *Pastorale* 93 100%
- 13 **Matthew Dear** *Ass Breed* 92 100%
- 14 **Strategy** *Future Rock* 92 100%
- 15 **Leah Deane** *Wegen* 92 100%
- 16 **Spk** *Velvet* 92 100%
- 17 **Pole** *Stargarten* 92 100%
- 18 **Hermann** *Live 1974* 92 100%
- 19 **John Butcher** *The Geometry Of Sentiment* 92 100%
- 20 **Aiko Suzuki** *K7 Box* 92 100%
- 21 **Deerhunter** *Cryptogram* 91 100%
- 22 **Lil Wayne** *Da Drought 3* (reissue) 91 100%
- 23 **Peter Evans Quartet** *Peter Evans Quartet* 91 100%
- 24 **Jesse Blackshaw** *The Cloud Of Unknowing* 90 100%
- 25 **Kamellari Yotiki** *Kamellari Yotiki* 90 100%
- 26 **Pink Pansy** *Pink Pansy* 90 100%
- 27 **River-Corsano Duo** *The Redemptive Riffer* 90 100%
- 28 **Electronica** *No Shouts, No Cries* 90 100%
- 29 **Zenitron** *3* 90 100%
- 30 **Quinn** *Out 1* 90 100%
- 31 **Memo Stern** *In Advance Of The Broken Arm* 90 100%
- 32 **Thrilling Gentle** *Part Two - The Endless Net* 90 100%
- 33 **Rye Chatham** *The Crucible* 90 100%
- 34 **Radihead** *In Rainbows* 90 100%
- 35 **The Focus Group** *We Are All For A People* 90 100%
- 36 **The Terminus** *Last Days Of The Sun* 90 100%
- 37 **Sightings** *Through The Palace* 90 100%
- 38 **Anthony Braxton** *3 Compositions* 90 100%
- 39 **Steve Jansen** *Slope* 90 100%
- 40 **Heaven & Harker** *Blackest Ever* 90 100%
- 41 **Colleen Leary** *Order* 90 100%
- 42 **Dial** *1988* 90 100%
- 43 **Wooden Shjips** *Wooden Shjips* 90 100%
- 44 **EDCH** *Spin Networks* 90 100%
- 45 **PJ Harvey** *White Chalk* 90 100%
- 46 **Henna Hakkilberg** *Hydrogen* 90 100%
- 47 **Susan Howe & David Gables** *Souls Of The Liberate* 90 100%
- 48 **Lushes** *Guns* 90 100%
- 49 **Low** *Drums And Guns* 90 100%
- 50 **Frank Bretschneider** *Rhythmic* 90 100%

## Records of the Year

### Top Ten

01 Robert Wyatt  
Compassione politica[illegible]03 Panda Bear  
Person, Patch the tiger

While *Animal Collective's* 2007 release *Soundways* felt assured like a group billing itself as the third solo album from its eponymous triad, their somewhat less-in-group effort of *Wild Coast* took an experimental detour in the most catholic sense: Homed vocal harmonies were layered over vintage instrumental loops, with cover-arted chapters asying from *Scott Walker to the Kinks*. We said "M, sure, innovative and cool, but... *Proter Rift* is soundscaping labyrinthine with layers of samples opening, building, then falling away like cascading ripples between two stars' *moogies*." *Animal Collective* XXX



## 02 Burial

[illegible]04 CM  
PL2 of 2 pages, 500 words, 1 day[illegible]



**05** LCD Soundsystem  
Sound Of Silver (2003)

[illegible]06 Von Södenfeld  
Traumatic Reflexions.com

The Mouse On wheels out of Jan Warner and Audi Team started off making limited Georgetown studio electronics in the early 80s and entered the millennium with a new step! Garage would fit for the future deconstruction! This unexpected collaboration with the Peter Mark & Smith focuses their effort while giving M&S playful vocals a strong new aesthetic backdrop. We said: "There's something very life-affirming about the way these two sponsored individuals have layered out a vehicle that's taken time to a place more of them could have arrived at on their own." (Livescience 2003)



**07** **Prem**  
The Moving frontier west

15 years after their formation, the Rumpelshausers seem deeply apologetic about their wings and excited to highlight their improvement. Thanks to repetitive recorded sound and to multiple laparoscopic attempts at incision, the group's next target of the liver, biliary ducts, and the main pancreatic duct seemed easily accessible. The next day, the Rumpelshausers were asked to perform a laparoscopic cholecystectomy. They were told that this was the product of a distinctly different (and later specific) training up a future set of glowing surfaces and several of apical, both of doctor and patient, glaze and motion in an awkward wilderness. We said, "They sound happy and more accomplished than before, as if they were a different group of people, and we were a different group of people looking through their windows." We said, "You're right." (Diagnosis: *MS*).

08 NIA.  
Kala m.

former set artist Mordkhai, Myra's *Arulogun* was also Milla's second album, and her first commercial globalizing work: a variety of the robot beats, engine sounds and loops she sampled synthesized into Kiki, produced in Ghana, India and somewhere between Detroit, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto and Beijing. Kiki's *Arulogun* was only in the track "World Town" with its steady London techno rise and a both British, greatly infusing gentleness and a sense of awe, and it was Myra's final album in Nigeria, as it were. It is as wonderful as all her ones. We said, "This record is full of love and it's so good, it's only a pity it's not heard." So she decided to make a new record, and she did. It's called *Arulogun* and it's a new tempo, a new party. (Grove/Atlantic, 2013)

09 **Bottles**  
Mirrored wine[illegible]

**10** Ricardo Villalobos  
Futuro 388 euros

A solo effort in all but name, *Remixes Vol.1* does a (D) for London Fabric with a funkier cinematic mix entirely composed of his own beats and collaborations. Under the cover of an omnipresent 4/4 pulse, the Berlin based producer struggles in vain: forever opening doors to jazz, funk, disco and South American dancebeats. We rate: (C) *"The music takes on a lobby presence almost of its own, lulling and relaxing throughout the disc's 74 minutes and blurring after several sides while"* (ClassicSource 2014)

# The Year in Song

## By David Stubbs

Song can be problematic for these in experimental music, and not without reason. Song is, after all, the last refuge of the reactionary. Whenever some new, pop-eyed, artistic young act is launched coming bursting out of leftfield and splashing into the mainstream, the cry too often goes up that they represent a return to great songs – which is to say, and the saddest moments of the 21st century, a return to form, to order, to sanity and a single, whole lot of aesthetic thesis. It's as ridiculous that what passes for indie rock nowadays is largely a procession of cake-shaped guitar rock outfits all rigidly observing conventions set down in about 1978. Since the mid-80s and the rise of Grunge, music fans, or hipsters, fearful of the explosion of genres and subgenres, of the diversity and sonic strangeness that seems to rumble threateningly on the periphery of modern music, have embraced this succession of great formlessness as if huddling for warmth and the reassurance of familiarity.

However, to return to song need not mean giving up on modern experimentation. For sure, Redhouse's new album in *Reckless* does represent a further retreat from the path they appeared to be taking with *Ed A and America* – it's a more "solid" genre proposition, day-in-the-office stuff, though this has been overshadowed by the radical means of its distribution – by download with the consent of the group.

Others have returned to song in a more interesting and necessary manner. PJ Harvey's *White Chalk* for example, is sadder than the 90s work on which she

made her reputation, undrunk by the equally seething guitars that were her traditional ballroom. It feels right that at this stage in her career, she granted herself this moment of monochrome clarity, as she tentatively sketched out songs exploring her childhood and upbringing on an instrument new to her, the piano, in order to recapture a sense of serene fragility.

Spark's *Volts* was a more luminous, though equally exploratory work, in which the singer, as is her wont, swaddled herself in a variety of styles, from The Beatles' beats to Alvin Garvin-style mercurial loam. Perhaps the album's most affecting moments, however, are her two songs like duets with Johnny Heger of *Johnny & The Johnsons*, whose very formality enhances both their intimacy and strangeness.

The Song, then, isn't merely a commercial gambit but a valid strategy. In the case of Matthew Dice's *Just Around*, it is perhaps both. After years semi-conscious at the backstage of contemporary avant-garde, he has opted for an expedient, but reworking song-based forms. However, his failure to impact with the brilliantly reflective, sober but little-impossible-in-pop-music *Reckless* for *Panda Bear* on *Panda Bear*: the Song is the blurry person of a Brian Wilson, belongs to a lost era, perhaps a merge, but one that is perceived through a haze of weird, retro and psychedelic afterthought, all of which denotes distance, the passing of time, how far we've come, how far we've gone. *Miles Usual*



Panda Bear

Pty, on *Forest*, suspended on some of the familiar hopes of *Forest*'s free folk, establishing a songform that, in its ostensible weaknesses, off-kilter moments and sonic defences, spoke obliquely of tenderness and vulnerability. On *Six Organs Of Admittance* *Shelter From The Ash*, song represents, as the title strongly suggests, a refuge. *Six Organs* (probably America's landscape is full of "thorns and thistles" but wild there, and beneath distant weather fronts of heavy guitar, are the Songs, like clearing, moments of purity and revelation, like looking up at an unusually clear night sky. On Robert Wyatt's superb *Cosmicolors*, the formality of the album, divided up into three acts, is a contrast thoroughly deserved. It takes in all the great themes of Wyatt's entire career, ranging from personal independence to political agitation. One hopes and trusts we'll have a good deal more yet from Wyatt, but *Cosmicolors* feels almost exclusively, his life's work processed, before him.

Meanwhile, Steve Jansen's *Sigap*, featuring the voice of his brother David Gylden, is a fine work from a highly diverse presence – with its potentially understated arrangements, his songs are not muffled by colour and texture and interference but revealed in their full emotional and acoustical detail. The first songs of 2002, then, were lucid emotionally mature and aware, rather than in detail of the elaborate and adventurous soundworld from which they arose – Songs of Experience rather than Songs of Ignorance. □

PJ Harvey



Pty





# The Year in Techno

## By Philip Sherburne

"What happened to the Techno? What happened to the underground? What happened to the funk? What happened to the music?" (Samurai's Season's "Can You Rotate") asks a lot of questions. One of 2003's better folk albums, it makes no bones about its politics, its guitar singer, Peter The Block, fu(r)th the Detroit Grand Publicist theme. "New Techno" minimalist producers and major minimalist musicians in technology and media continue with this—mixing music categories and/or assist upon flooding the receiver with bits."

Techno seems to be going through a period of soul-searching. If, last year, the subgenre of House and Techno called "minimal" seemed ubiquitous, this year it's the complaints about minimal's ubiquity that are the most ubiquitous. The odd thing, though, is that minimalism, as an aesthetic project, has all but disappeared from most of the music. The trend that provides virtually all electronic dance music is a rudimentary sort of minimalism—namely, its emphasis upon repetition—has largely receded into the background. In its place are other strategies: a deterring, provocative approach that fills every inch of the sound field with busy items (new ringtones, a constant return to Deep House structure and effect, a futuristic mastery upon the recognizability of a vocal sample). Indeed, in the case of Max Brouha's "Techno Nocturne"—with its vocoded refrain, "Why are the worlds pulled down on head? This is the way we make Techno"—the genre seems to have descended into anti-gerosity.

On its surface, the palimpsest around minimal isn't terribly interesting, generally reminding at the level of the high school cafeteria argument: (M)inimalism apparently favors curves, which minimalist theories find unacceptably problematic. (But behind the levitating larks is a palpable frustration as to a prolonged lack of progress in House and Techno generally. 2003 was a curious year: there was no shortage of great, sometimes astonishing music, from the unrelentingly funk and hot to the

boundaringly experimental. But there seemed to be no common thread to define the year. The trend most often named, a return to Chicago and New York's Deep House traditions, felt less like a revolution and more like a reshuffle, a modest market correction. The artists working in that vein (Antwanette, Jay-Jay, Spinnaker, Dennis Ferrer, the Martinez Brothers, English and European producers like EdBenn, Seb K, Tobias, Crazy Radio Show) produce solid, occasionally stunning work, but their efforts feel more like the carefully honed of established forms than a rupture. It's the same story for artists like Deepchord: one of the few dished minimalist left, his Ohioan releases invocations may be gorgeously, but they're decidedly throwback. By and large, refinement, not invention, is the name of the game.

The genre isn't entirely in redaction, but it seems that House and Techno, once each collected genres, are ending into a period where the artists are in command. Civilizing and Ricardo Villalobos looked the scene's top skill: the former with a determined, traditionalist and instantly recognizable style (recently, one far more classically minimalist than the vast majority of minimal), and the latter with an accentuated, fairly minimalist approach that seems to drift further from earthly concerns with every release. That Craig and Villalobos were easily the most successful releases of the past two years supports in theory of the artist-as-leader in Techno. Every producer wants to enjoy the benefits of these Miles touch.

Is it a coincidence that Craig and Villalobos also have the best sounding records out there? Analogous points can be stated: made beats, but it's true that the explosion of software instruments and a generalist burst of hastily assembled bedroom recordings have led to a depressing sense of sameness throughout House and Techno. Everyone's using the same old producers new to the process have yet to really learn their gear. (Or, as Seb's duo say it: Max Brouha puts it: "Everybody's using



Peter Bressan

feeding parents?") In contrast, in the work of Craig and Villalobos you can tell that they're listening as if their lives depended upon it. Where too much contemporary dance music is happy to approximate—as though a hastily conceived and recorded sound were merely a stand-in for its ideal type (a natural reaction, given the way that MP3 culture has lowered our standards of audio fidelity)—in Craig's and Villalobos's music, the sounds are absolute.

For many years, electronic dance music was first and foremost about the sound of sound. The search for sonic differentiation—i.e., to make you hear anew by presenting sounds in ways you'd never heard before—was the location of its future-tense emphasis: the basis of its progressive ethos. But as sounds have codified and relied—the Acid squall of the Roland TB-303, once the most alien force in the world, now sounds positively conservative—electronic dance music has dulled its hearing. Perhaps it's for this reason that some of the most interesting, avant-garde listening House and Techno of the moment is looking to unconventional acoustic sources. This is a freighted territory, of course, at risk of re-creating (and/or appropriating) their seeds: electronic and digital sounds are cold and esoteric or electric sounds are warm. But in the hands of producers like Bruno Romo, Andrea Sartan, Villalobos and his protégé Peter Bressan, a plucked string instrument or a badly bowed hand drum can sound far stronger than the familiar smooch of a 808 bass.

Not that I'm calling on everyone to begin sampling guitars and cymbals, God forbid. There's still plenty of room for electronic and digital experimentation: the German producers Jono Zimmerman and Marc Jahn, for instance, are consistently finding out heavily digital music that foregrounds sounds quite unlike anything else, while in an artifice's memory of classic analogue instruments like the 408, 909, and Doppler modular synthesizer ensures utterly non-standard results. □

Andrea Sartan





## 2002 BEYOND 44 THE WAGE AS

## The Year in DIY

By David Keenan



Left to right: Stefan Wenzel & Raf. Buss, Nick Linn & J. Morrissey, Lumbumbini Crystal & Rust: MF Dispersed, Richard Thomas & Jennifer

2005 still exists in the spite of the first wave of gourmet C&R and cuisine culture. This year, for every Jay Topes or Chonizito Souast, there was a sub-par cuisine-only table in bar with a name involving testicles, red velvet ice creams and Japanese ingredients. The new wave of C&R has still striven to be one of the most fully realized offerings of the substance of hegemonic taste. Run by Heath Marshall out of Michigan, it has long set the standard for DIY event gardens. Marshall's own Sick Llama are probably the most praised and consistently confounding recent project of the top 12 events, with handmade puppets, organic, no-alcohol, and a variety of other elements. The party all pledged to be especially abundant when all streets closed with candle wax and deflated balloons, in numbered orders that rarely make any sense. This year, his streets do with Chris Pelling of Cobble Museum. Slither, released a bunch of snakes out of C&R that someone recorded the event of. Of The Spantans is Nat. Egan's. The New Bloodies and post-punk Ed. um, like The Afflicted. M.

**John Cleese's *Wit & Eup*** AmericanTapes label is a stalwart of the contemporary underground counter scene, and 2002 saw them celebrate the label's 600th release with a three-disc boxed set that included a CD-R, a DVD-R, a 7" single and an insert and featured particularly disc-worthy titles from *Groenewyds*, *Sprays*, *Dave Matthews and other* *Cleese* related projects as well as a whole CD of unreleased recordings from *the* *Black* *Arch* *Circle* *Heads* *Bureau* and drummer *Ben* *Ellis* *play* *alongside* *Cleese* *in* *Groenewyds*, and they also ran one of the earliest of new music labels, *Edisons* *Books* *Research*, which has been known to disk releases out in self-released newspaper stores. As well as documenting work in progress from *Groenewyds* and associated ensembles like *Malice* and *Tatum*, the label also showcased some of the most rigorous contemporary free jazz from players like *John* *McLennan* *and* *the* *Black* *Arch* *Circle* *Heads* *Bureau* and percussionist *Jeff* *Arndt* *Black* *Research* is a good example of a CD-R label that defies the cliché of CD-R culture being all about grabby grabby basement noises; as does the *Great* *Play* *Import*, run by as yet-unreleased record collector with access to impossible-to-find "unreleased" albums of electronic music: *1963-1983*. They specialize in limited edition, high-value runs of key vintage electronic albums, and this year saw their release of a new series of limited-edition CDs by *Carla* *Milanesa*, *Doris* *Greene*, *Gregory* *Joseph* *Black* *White* and *more*.

The Canadian Feed It Sound label is part of the best of one of the least heralded CD-Rompanies. Run by Daniel Presnell, the label produces an edition packages with music from groups like Presnell's own backwoods garage act Aerial Breeze and his Gothic dance project Hologram, as well as David Poole's reformed Ed Vassallo's *So Many Ways To Avoid This Evil* and the balladly dance shows of Presnell and Michael's *Dark Klub*.

Mike Bernier and Myles Miller's Heavy 7 Passanger wasn't as prolific as in previous years, but their new series of letterpress-penned cassettes directed by Jazzerling, Black Quarter and Rich Ralston's Whitman, Matthew Whitman's *Circle Of Misconduct* was one of the earliest CD-R impulses to boost a connecting label identity, and they expanded their operations this year with a series of deluxe sets that compiled the best of the recordings from the early bootleggers, gifts that have been springing up all over the stage during their extensive tours. It felt like a perfect use of the format. Wholly yours are their very important longrunning *Amuse* pressings, and their new *Circle Of Misconduct* cassette. They released a series of gorgeous deluxe editions of new and archival *Circle*-based material as well as expanding into limited vinyl runs.

Back in the UK, Dajana Morris and Karen Cavanilles (Cleveland Music) inspired me to use the most important source for my new track, with Nylons' own Old Tapes release providing a remarkable bridge between DJ's tape art and current genre-based releases. I was also inspired by the work of Proggy at the UK's Top 100 Battersby and Asford. But the most prolific UK label was Jon Blomfield's Sheffield based Blackcat Records, which released a non-stop stream of discs by Leslie Kaffer, Joe Xolmets, Peter Wright, Confidential, Time Line, Toot Cam, Vapors Of The Seven Woods and Wooden Wood at The Vernaling House. Phil Scott of Fantasy Records, who had been a DJ at the time, was also an Australian CD-R label in bed, but it was soon replaced by this new Rabelai airport, which released a couple of the fewest titles of 2002, specifically Anthony Newburgh's *An Evening Of Contemporary State Mental* and the four CD-R *Backstage Education: August* four set that featured some particularly decent recordings by Newburgh with Otagoro's Noddy's. (It's also runs an excellent tape label called Sick Head.)

Richard's ongoing need to release No. 1s implies was also very busy, with limited run albums like the heavily electronic *Samurai* set and the live

century's last Century Jams, leaving the best work of the year and an inspired contrast to his more overgrown releases. His many collaborators with Andrew Pinder on Pinder's own Glasgow-based Santic Order Records were also necessary, especially the word *Play With Me* (See Ensemble means of the duets *Collected Passions* Vol 2). There is even a solo release *Midwestern Animals* (many guitarists, including the original misnomer in a pair with original rockers by Chrome and Skullflower). Also in Glasgow, Linn Community's Kyle Marsh's *Kovosov Sound* label released a massive four CD set that surveyed this activity of Quebec, in an unapologetic No Wave aesthetic that over the years has featured many of the current scene's key players. Not least of whom is Alistair Crooke, whose own *Left Hand Pressings* imprint released some of the most personal and poignant music of the past, most particularly Crooke's own *The Study Of Cycles* (The Loveless Age Of Mirrors, a collaboration with the late David Young) and performances that rival Richard Young's *Southern Whunder* or Gaila Solano's *Survive* as times of intimate, disquieting immersion.

But beyond legends also, the Slayers remain the single most influential group on the whole cassette/CD-R underground. Their *Voices of Jungles* (Machete) featuring with hypogeic legions of African melodies all wrapped up in covers that combine awe-inspiring mandalas with unbroken visions of dolphins leaping and endlessly unfolding lilies, is one that has birthed countless imitations. But it is hard to even approximate the intensely personal nature of releases by Slayers members James Fennero and Spencer Clark. Fennero's solo Lumborght Crystal cassette series combines his meditated 1950s inspired folk songs with his lush, visceral and endlessly evolving soundscapes. Spencer Clark's solo *Voices of Jungles* project features some of the most sublimely affecting primitive tape hypnotics of the year, an approach he has since expanded into a whole new series of cassettes under the name *Manochele* (Clair).

2007 wasn't as exciting a year as 2008 in terms of the new influence of newly punked music, but it did see the consolidation of a few former specific thought systems as well as the full flowering of them associated cottage industries. While many of the original New Wave America players have been removed, repackaged and reissued by major independent labels with 24 track studies, hyperbolic press releases and some heavy nabrushing, there remain outposts of determined monocultural resistance where the folk is truly free. ☐

## 2002 MONDAY 44 THE WAGE 43

## The Year in Sound Art

By Anne Hilde Neset

By Anne Hilde Neset



Therakos Graphics and Radiology, Basingstoke, UK

Questions needing what contributes sound art – Is it sound made by usual artists? Waxes that rupture sound? Waxes that make noise? Anything sonic happens inside a gallery? Any non-linear, non-narrative, non-rational music? – have been bubbling under for the past few years, with a proliferation of some exhibitions held in private galleries and small art spaces the world over. Yet official art histories have so far been slow to acknowledge such ruptures – whether sound sculptures, rock or composition. With the publication of *Sound Art: Beyond Music, Between Composites by The New York Arts Unit* (see [www.artsunit.org](http://www.artsunit.org)), the 2007 season has the first “straight” art history survey of sound art in print. And the theoretical studies of sound art have already been published. Welguy public institutions finally opened their heavy glass doors to high-profile sound and music related exhibitions.

The Long Island-based, Total Moderns performance festival this spring, was judged at the center, with mass media events featuring the likes of Isaac Mizrahi, Gavin Bryars, Michael Nyman and Toshirō Mikamura. Theatricalizing Grand playing alongside Glenn Jennings' Super8 film was a perfect fit with the untamed aesthetic that is the Turbine Hall. The performance itself was dubbed a "collaboration" between the group and the Jennings film (see [www.totmoderns.com](http://www.totmoderns.com)). It was a collaboration that was hard to see when exactly this collaboration consisted of a 15-hour rehearsal space for a lot of people when he turned his back on the sold-out event and stumbled out shouting "enough" at the top of his voice. At London's ICA, TG experienced age in with dissolving the boundaries between live and audio precision by transferring their recording studio to the public venue and offering a limited number of tickets to punters to watch their record parts for their next album (see interpretation of *Passio Desensitatio*). While not a new idea – in 1920s Minnors established studios in the basement of the ICA – it was a new idea. The Bourse Center for the Arts and Computer Centre for sculpture – the dance studio as well.

Installation' might be an exhilarating idea on paper, but in practice it's as tedious as watching paint dry at work. Perhaps TG should have taken a cue from Bruce Nauman's *Flying To Levitate in The Studio* (1980) – a documented performance where the artist attempted to levitate while lying between two mirrors – revealing how the metaphysical flight we expect to inspire behind the artist's door is a highly low-tech exercise in control.

Major art venues revisited the 60s and 70s music scene this year – London's Barbican and ICA and MCA Chicago counted, respectively. Penn Jillette (*It's a Punk Thing*, *The Secret Public*, *The Last Days Of The British Underground 1978-1980*) and Sir Gylescott For The Devil (*Art And Rock 'N' Roll Since 1967*) all three exhibitions acknowledged the ongoing dialogue between the fields of art and music, even if they fell short of attempting a deep analysis of the zeitgeist they were celebrating. Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art avoided the rock route altogether by inviting sound artist Christian Marclay to present other artists' sound-producing institutions. Sidestepping the 'what is sound art?' question, the Ensemble exhibition simply combined scores of pieces by Marclay for a new work, *Ensemble*, in which he placed his art in situ by side in the same room. Ensemble cut the curator as composer, making a soundtrack for a room 'performed' by the sculptures on display instead of musicians.

Defunct factory spaces in parts of Eastern Europe were put to new use hosting site-specific installations, such as those at the *BEACH* festival in Riga, Latvia, which presented works by Patti Smith and Tomoko Adachi.

Despite all these recent music-related activities happening in the name of art, the ecosystems governing the two fields are still vastly different. When I had the pleasure of meeting Miyo Thompson a while back at a plush West London hotel, he made it clear he was in London on the 'art side' – through his work with Art 2 Language, the conceptual art

collective represented by London's Union Gallery. He was implying that he would most certainly be staying in a more modest establishment if he were on tour with Red Krayola. And of course Art & Language institutions are full for hundreds of thousands of pounds, while a Red Krayola CD costs around a fiver. The Union Gallery, which was rechristened as starting up a deal to re-investment for conceptual and video art in the early '80s — artwork that now commands the same prices as paintings — at first would not want to work out a similar pricing structure for a sound piece. But the thought of a CD as a portable, accessible way to purchase a work of art for large sums, they're still reluctant to lend over anything like the same amount for a piece of vinyl or limited-edition CD-L, even if they have just seen it made before their eyes, or if it's a limited-late addition of one CD00 maybe, or at a stretch CD000. But for your average record collector, these figures are astronomical amounts to shell out for a vinyl or CD R recording, which by their nature are easily reproducible, but they are small change for a piece of visual, conceptual or video art. A girlfriend once told you she would invest the savings from a trip in a special edition of *1000,000* as an investment CD, as it had earlier incarnations as expensive discs — it has a better chance.

Goodnight to Gaspard's concert-leader at Brecht's Veers theatre last June was a treat in itself. After his performance, the economic Dane sold copies of his beautifully produced, highly collectible vinyl "for as much as you'd like to pay," with the result that people pelted them out for suppers a piece. A few months later while wandering through London's Finsley Art Fair, I saw the same records for sale for far more than two pence through Danish gallery addresses, S Contemporary. The Goodnight vinyls I bought are the vastly differing products of the music and visual arts worlds, but they have some elements in bringing the two worlds together, but the economic and critical advantages separating the two remain an undesirable chasm. ☐

Researcher William A. Dooley, who directed the study, said: "Although the



## Musicians' Reflections



Fluorinated PVDFs

Julia [the rubens] and I got out and almost even then and I this year while in class thanks to friends like Joni I still Julia being loved by both after Julia's warm while we were away We had our first and holiday for ages. In Southern West right up north in the small but perfectly formed Lyth Arts Centre then down to Pashley for Gillian Estroff's and a 50th birthday I am my first house

Stam refers to London for the branch of the Chelton Foundation, an initiative to facilitate cross-cultural meetings and artistic collaborations between East and West, its latest venture to help a more Bourdieu-inspired pit by her visits to Syria and neighbouring eastern Mediterranean countries.

Meanwhile, we've bumped into so many terrific characters on our recent travels. Here is a very partial list: Professor Augustin Pate-Nwankwani, David Glimore, Ben Goodrich, Whangweyong, Ben Blom, Mike Nwaei, Ed Marie Theodor, Rachel Littlefield, John Whithers, Cyle Hawn – and of course the wonderful people who helped make *Contagious* in East, most of our party's been about our fresh start with Christine Tinsdale. So to all: Happy Christmas, Goodies!



### Buildings (Typical Example)

[illegible]

Wiederholungsfragen (Lernhilfen)

[illegible]

However, *Grinderman* is most often being touted as the moment of the year: was the jam session we did on with *Grinderman* and *Grinderman* (the name of our Grinderman forum show) the two Grinderman songs – “Grinderman” and “Mr. Lee” – and although the performance was rapidly decommoditized evidence of other noise, it was a thrill and a clue to show the stage with those guys and their heads (the audience’s evidence for a good ten minutes).

**Spreading of ideas, thoughts:** *Alto-Vega's* *Billboard* column is not just a listening delight and yet another weekly underappreciated peek into a lifetime of truly groundbreaking music. And if you haven't listened to *Cubist Blues* yet, while *Alto's* 1995 collaboration with *Alice* *Chillies* and *Free* *Mothers* are both a bit stuck in our ears, it's certainly to applaud!



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2007 was an amazing year. Some of the highlights for us were recording *Pilgrimage*, playing in Jerusalem, the first *Steinbocker* films, *Visions* and guitar, *Scott Kelly*, guitar and *Drift*, *Hallel* and I on the drums and bass, and having played in so many live shows. We look forward to 2008.



**Abstract**

[illegible]

**Strategy (Feed-Forward)**

[illegible]

I'm grateful that consumers keep things changing. After all, because the current DVD and future directions of recorded music seems uncharted, a number of third-party artists and community and as a matter of taste using iTunes and other software to create their own music (see [www.rip.itunes.com](http://www.rip.itunes.com)) and other user-friendly such as CD-R and file burners have suggested the idea of making CD as the traditional format of choice. In any case, standards are a new model for the larger number of music consumers. As the format was away on perhaps the live shows will become increasingly important for their value as completely unique, momentary and most importantly, non-downloadable real-time experiences.



From (M. B. G. 1992)

ROCKED off the post playing at Toronto's Cafe's Joe Week right — which also featured Jerry Seinfeld's unique puppet show — with Rudy, a furry denizen in "March Of The Dribblers" sports scene, your heads in a commercial not exhibition.

from their work on *Wings* and *Scrubs*. And *Dr. M* (Mauricio Mendez) plays the gay doctor who performed the same sex on David. Gangster higher up than Big Sauce (Le Sanchez) in *Philly* and *The Mindy Project* in *Compton*. Finally get to witness our new arrival, *The Moving Violator* in *October*, make a film to accompany our series "Big Gay" with Bruce Johnston of *Tim Allen* and also collaborated with him on his installation *The Drives Drive* a one-person drama in a coffin. At Birmingham House was given recognition, we finally found a place to get enough to accommodate on our new *Philly* world of cupboards. Including, the first time a country



### Take-Home Charge

[illegible]



## Genre Charts

### A-Z



## Avant Rock

**Sei Richard Bishop** Polytheistic Fragments **WAG CITY**  
**Loren Connors** The Hymn Of The North Star **EARLY CROWD**  
**Ghest** In Stereotypic Heights **WAG CITY**  
**High On Her** South Is True **CAMPBELL ISLAND**  
**Koushitsu** Ray Night **ON YOUR MARK**  
**Lars Ljung** *WAG*  
**Meatbus** Sew A Hole **WAG**  
**MTV & ER** Wen The Summer Road **GREEN BLUES** **OSCAR ROAD**  
**Sex Organs Of Admittance** Shutter Free The Ashes **WAG CITY**  
**Yellow Swans** At All Ends **WAG**



## Dub

**Dullhedon** Allstars Free For All **WAG**  
**Drump** Foundation **WAG**  
**D-Ray Band** Kawaii Dub & Rhythmic **WAG**  
**Kurt Hudson** No Skin Up **WAG**  
**Kiddies I Rockers** Graduation In Zion **ON STONE**  
**Carlton Patterson** meets **King Tubbz** Black And White In Dub **WAG**  
**Lee Perry & The Upstarters** Age-ology **WAG**  
**The Revolutionaries** True Sound - Rare Gems From The Channel One  
Dub Room 1974-1980 **WAG**  
**King Tubbz** Meets **Aggravation** At Dub Station **WAG**  
**Walking Souls** Classic Cuts 1978-1984 **WAG**



## Critical Beats

**Beats** Crunked Up **WAG**  
**Blackdown & Bush** The Beat **WAG**  
**The Bug** featuring **Flowdan** Skeng **WAG**  
**Durty Gentle** Accion **EP** **WAG**  
**Pete Imperson** TIPS **WAG**  
**Junior Boys** Like A Child (Carl Craig Remix) **WAG**  
**Kaliber** Rumpelstiltskin **WAG**  
**Thomas Malheur** No One's Future **WAG**  
**Shackleton** Blood On My Hands (Ricardo Villalobos Apocalypso  
Now Mix) **WAG**  
**Skull Dance** Soundboy's Ashes Get Chopped Up And Shattered **WAG**



## Electronica

**Deepford Presents** Echospace: The Coldest Session **WAG**  
**Thomas Peltzman** Homogun **WAG**  
**Fernando & Sakamoto** Candie **WAG**  
**Giuseppe** Island August **WAG**  
**Marcus** Cosmos **WAG**  
**September Collective** All The Birds Were Anarchists **WAG**  
**Sigal** Robot **WAG**  
**Andy Stratt** Fear Of Heights **EP** **WAG**  
**Underground Resistance** Electronic Warfare 2 & 3 **WAG**  
**Ursula** Karhunen **WAG**



## Global

**Tony Allen** *Mayaya* (Mark Efenbos Mix)  
 3 GLE (Ronde Van Gawe) [Roc] 1999  
**Rob Gronow** *Lullabies* (Various)  
 Extra Golden Hits Re-Issue [WML] 2007  
**Group Search** *Guitar Riffs From The Western Sahara* (Various)  
**Group Search** *Guitar Riffs From Agadez* (Various)  
**Abdel Hadi Hala & The El Gueta Orchestra Of Algiers**  
 Abdel Hadi Hala & The El Gueta Orchestra Of Algiers [WML] 2007  
**Getachew Mekuria & The Ex & Guests** (Various)  
**Mohammed Jamey Mohammed** *Mudjaby* (Various)  
**Osair Souleyman** *Highway To Hossaka* (Folk And Pop Sounds)  
 Of Syria (Various)  
**Rached Taha** *Swain* (Various)



## Hiphop

**Black Milk** *Popular* (Various)  
**Deeghe Brothaz** *Master* (Various)  
**Devlin** *The Guts* (Various)  
**Dr. Dre** *2000* (Various)  
**Flying Lotus** *Rebirth* (Various)  
**Jay-Z** *Black Album* (Various)  
**Lil Wayne** *Da Drought 3* (Various)  
**LL & Real** *Black Album* (Various)  
**Shape Of Black Noise** *Craft Of The Lost Art* (Various)  
**Timbaland** *Vol. 2* (Various)  
**UGK** *Featuring OutKast* (Various)



## Jazz & Improv

**Donk Bailey** *Standards* (Various)  
**Anthony Braxton** *Compositions* (Various)  
**John Butcher** *The Geometry Of Sound* (Various)  
**Peter Evans** *Quartet* (Various)  
**Sense** *Evans' Electric Kaleidoscope* (Various)  
**The Necks** *Townsville* (Various)  
**William Parker & Hamid Drake** *Phrasing The World* (Various)  
**Caro Saks** *Experience/The Thing/Use Of Force* (Various)  
**Matthew Shepp** *Flora* (Various)  
**David S. Ware** *Quartet* (Various)



## Modern Composition

**Eide Brown** *Traces* (Various)  
**Philip Glass** *Exercises* (Various)  
**Morton Feldman** *String Quartet No. 1* (Various)  
**Morton Feldman** *Three Voices* (Various)  
**Jonathan Harvey** *Angela* (Various)  
**Jonathan Harvey** *Choral* (Various)  
**Ten Hag** *Sketch Of A Man* (Various)  
**Mauricio Kagel** *Sketches* (Various)  
**Karlheinz Stockhausen** *Sketches* (Various)  
**Charles Wuorinen** *Cyclops* (Various)





### Outer Limits

**Astral Social Club** Sean Pibroch **rehearsal**  
**Audofix** Memory Theatre **rehearsal**  
**Eyes And Arms Of Sirens** A Religion Of Broken Bones **costume**  
**Heavy Hymn** Kove Billy **costume**  
**Ben Frost** Theatre Of Rhythmic Reason **community**  
**Mohel** Norwegian Village Now **documentary**  
**Charlotte Moorman** Callio Anthology **live music**  
**Charleneaga Palestra** The Golden Mean **costume**  
**RST** Other Machines **documentary live performance**  
**Stephen Viscio** L'Espresso To Donald Judd **live music**



## Reissues

And Campbell: *SEL POWER HOUSE MUSIC*  
 Miles Davis: *The Complete On The Corner Sessions* now  
 Medesley Day: *Multiple* now  
 Mount Carmel: *Large And Live!* (MCA)  
 Noah Howard: *The Black Ark* to vinyl  
 Keith Hudson: *Ground resistance* guests  
 Anne Lockwood: *Early Works 1967-69* in  
 Ju Suk West: *Steals Too* 78/79 in vinyl  
 Nina The Phoenix: *Borderline 1988-1992* now  
 Deepa Oram: *Ormosa* (HARVEST)  
 Pentangle: *The Time Was Comin' on*  
 Ebene Pidgeon: *Jermaine Hills* (Ladbroke) now  
 Terry Riley Music: *For The Gift* 6/2000 in CD  
 Terry Riley: *Poppy Nogood And The Phantom Band All Night Flight*  
 12/2000 in CD  
 Sirenia: *Quaque Rukko: Edition* 100 now  
 Sly & The Family Stone: *There's A Riot Goin' On* (MCA)  
 San Ra: *Stranger Strangers* (ARCADE) (ARCADE MUSIC) now  
 San Ra: *The Complete Sunset 3000 Concert* 6/00  
 Susan MacLenn: *Discrete Colours* 1/00 now



## Compilations

**Archival: Gypsy Soul 1966-1979** (DVD) **NEW**  
**After Dark** (DVD) **NEW** (1979) **1979** **NEW** **NEW** **NEW** **NEW** **NEW**  
**DJ Stein: Body Language Vol. 4** (DVD) **NEW** **NEW** **NEW** **NEW** **NEW** **NEW**  
**Box Of Dub: Dubstep And Pataca Dub 2004-2007**  
**Brave 70: After Thequake - New Directions In Brazilian Music In The 1970s**  
**DUB, 2007**  
**Broken Flag: A Retrospective 1982-1985** (DVD, CD) **NEW**  
**Dawn From The Midnight Circus: Ludlows Grove 1987-1998** (DVD)  
**Down & Gloam: Early Songs Of Angst And Disaster 1923-1945** (DVD)  
**LARM: From Mouth Gongs To Laptop** (DVD) **NEW**  
**Music Audio Documentos: 1978-1994** (DVD)  
**Psychobabe Phenom: Finnish Hippie And Underground Music 1987-1996** (DVD)  
**Remove Celebrity Centre** (DVD) **NEW** **NEW**  
**Savage Planet Presents Live Via Oregon In Dub** (DVD)  
**Silver Moon Time: A Tribute To The Moonies** (DVD) **NEW**  
**Sixt' Nine: Sexually Punishments** (DVD) **NEW**

### The Elderberry

[illegible]



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**Kag: Kano plays Bonime**  
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# Soundcheck

## This month's selected CDs and vinyl



Real Loafers



Robert Quine

### Various

200  
PLANET MU OVER  
10 Tons Heavy  
PLANET MU 342

Planet Mu is pretty much the last man standing when it comes to IDM's big-league label. Weir still puts out some cool records but has clouded its identity with indie guitar groups and hip-hop stuff. Rightback's output, a lithe mix of future-dub and "brindrider," has become apocryphal and spotty. Meanwhile, Mu churns the stuff out initially as an homage to Virgin for Mike Perdue's release as p.f.d., but some dubstep loquax is an independent with its most strikingly heavy and varied notes. Planet Mu combines quantity and quality in a way that's unusual for a label now into its second decade of existence. 200 is a double CD compilation concert featuring Planet Mu, its guests, and 200th releases, is a testament to Perdue's stature as much as taste.

The curious thing about Mu, as a label founded by one of IDM's original Big Five (the others being Richard D. James, Luke Wier, and the Autechre duo), is how it's become the custodian of rave's legacy. Cynical techno intelligentsia (Gore Vidal, as aptly formulated once 1982 with Warp's "electronic learning music") inattentive, appeared early to rave. When overcast-and-moralist Audion muted out the underground rhythmic sophistication of "Jungle," IDM was changed. It's here through Perdue's included, even had a birth at it, revealing as the wilfully wacky convolutions of dub in bass. Meanwhile, in his A&R rather than producer role, Perdue was gradually turning Planet Mu into the home and guardian for two major strands of post-techno music: breakbeat and dubstep.

Breakbeats come out of dub in "bays" where the latter often had an off-kilter left-mid-the-Jungles parody aspect (eg Squarepusher's "Full House," featuring "HiC TeX" 7.5). Breakbeats straddle it to give rave scenes an offensively reverent. Mike Scott's "Bassline" and "Bassline" (from an on and squishy the playful rhythms of Audion). Perdue also pulled some original Jungles and Hardcore based out of anti-intellectualism, like Bazy B, present here with the Autechre break-sounding, "Dark World" sampling "Mondo Style"; and Hellfish, whose work

of Shkred's "Blat Up" is a beautifully produced, ambitiously detailed stampede of subterranean Golden Western Shkred's contribution "David's Tension" takes the idea of "sequence brutality" even further to produce a groove that keeps disintegrating and reassembling, a daily of splintered auditory

breakbeats and synthsounds that creep-crawl through your air canal day into your brain. Dubstep being something of a new preservation society in its own right, it makes sense that Perdue has made moves on it. Mu has released albums and 12's by many of the scene's best producers including Dabney, Roscoe, Wad and MWK1, and dubstep represents roughly a quarter of the contents of 200. Where breakbeats pick up on rave's dance, dubstep flatters on its darkness, sometimes to a shoddy degree. Perdue's "Puncher" (Lush's 325 Rem) for instance, recycles the classic "where it comes, it goes like a bloodshot heart attack" sample used as Ed Rush's obvious disco "Babylon Armageddon" in its original context — 1980's sex-fests shadowed by drug-induced paranoia — but the careful details of its genuinely unsettling. But in 2003, for some reason, you can't help thinking — "some off it changes, my art!" The best dubstep is standard issue half-step, a dark dungeon of rhythms based with strangled textures of sound that seem to circle the stereo field. Bright "Broken Dubstep" in more compelling with its light-and-dark juxtaposition of jittery Rhodes licks with the genre's usual palette of pill-popping tonalities, while Roscoe's "Blood Red Dub" drops two digit-sounds with a canopy of shimmery, ringing vertebrous redolent of vintage-style IDM.

Devoted entirely to dubstep, 10 Tons Heavy displays the genre's virtues and foibles in equal measure. On the upside, rhythmic invention and atmosphere. Perdue's "Gaww" makes major out of the sparsest of elements: a ripple of sounds, glidingly snatches that give the track the heaviest sort of magic: spirals of what sounds like profound futuristic soundscapes — and, upon Perdue's "Big Kick" is a perfect and-morale groove whose grand like the air with rattle-motes, and Melbourne's "Barry Dub" jitters a dark hallucinatory space of sound out of which percussion blares and sampled voices struggle to get loose like human figures cast into a trench chest deep in inside. Dubstep's downside?

As Planet Mu marks its tenth anniversary, Simon Reynolds salutes the label's stamina in nurturing the post-rave continuum, from IDM through to breakcore and dubstep

That would be the remembrance location on digital tempos and sombre moods: an omnipresence as unfaded as it is coming. Living in the city isn't the black bogal I get this funny feeling that the genre's yellow-faced trove-keeper derive most of their sonic knowledge from movies or from other genres of music (if only because they're indoors all the time twiddling their gear). That's why there's no substantial weight to the reports and soundbites samples that a little so many of these tracks. The rhythmic combination of cloth and awkwardness, in tandem with the natural grime of grating and clinical, makes the long-held dubstep experience weeping, especially on the latest mix CD from GJ Hatch, which features 20 tracks.

More than a few times, listening to these compilations, I half-wonder that breakcore and dubstep could merge to create the unlikely blend of party exuberance and sinister futurism that characterized Subsonic's early prime. On 200 New Line's album almost does that with "Bleep Bleep" (Spacez 2) to Bambi's Jesus And Mary Chain, the rave exorcism connects dubstep to the early 80s Yakuza Techno of Uniqne 3 and Sweet Exorcist. But the result, as with its excellent Resonance Of The Abysses album for Mu, ultimately leans more towards the deep "I" dark.

What surprises with 200 is that many of the most absorbing tracks are actually traditional IDM. The Giant's A-Prime-Apple "Equis", Jo Appa's "Swamp", "Sound Line", and Mu CEO Perdue's own track "Luscious". Either way, in genre-nominate wilderness, like John Farnham's "The Moon Is Gone" (especially scorching pop, as if Coldplay tried to surpass Red Hot Chili's A&A and succeeded. Like The Doubtful Guests "Vertice" (musique concrete essentially, at least until the last beats in "And We Ambulance" "The Time"), the competition's steadfast a suppressed sounding landscape of lurid-alive breakbeats and disjunctive chimes, evocative of a science fiction story where time's clock is winding down, or Boards Of Canada if there were allowing a whole lot of sediments.

In shuffling from Ambient escape to full-on frenzy, from sci-fi gloom to sexy frivoly, 200 showcases a label of rare scope and diversity. To borrow a song title from dubstepper and 200 contributor Darpain: Mike Jordan Resque. □





The Disassembling Orchestra



John Cytle-Evans

Two satellite projects of leftfield rock ensemble Hood have spiralled into maximalist electronica and heightened group jamming. By David Stubbs

#### John Cytle-Evans

Apert/Thunderbolt

INSTANT INVOLUTERS BB

#### The Disassembling Orchestra The Disassembling Orchestra

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These two albums both involve artists who have previously worked with Hood, the fragile but persistent outfit formed ten years ago in Waltham, Yorkshire, around whose nucleus of Richard and Christopher Adams a whole host of collaborators and members have revolved. Hood were always on the fringes of pop and electronica, which makes it all the more notable that two of its satellite members should have spiralled outward, into the darker, more meditative reaches of, in one case, a new, modernist strain of ethnic dress, and in the other, communal electronica.

John Cytle-Evans's book story is an intriguing one. Having spent his teens somewhat loosely bouncing up and down on his dad's playing air guitar to witness Metal groups, he further tried to distract him by exposing him to Terry Riley and The Incredible String Band, to Cytle-Evans's initial resistance. It was only when he discovered a old Heraclitus record, of all things, in his parents' record collection that his head was finally turned. This, plus a music teacher who encouraged her pupils to create a piece of music in the manner of John Cage, finally set him on his path. Having played violin and cello with Hood, and having contributed to their more impressionistic passages, Cytle-Evans left the group, married and converted to the Sikh faith. He made a number of records under the name of Trench Singh Nemkhi, whose drone and Eastern Empire clearly showed the influence of his time in India. However, for *Apert/Thunderbolt*, recorded under his own name, he has taken a more challenging approach, which perhaps more subtly reflects Indian life than the mystical vibes often deployed to denote the subcontinent.

Recorded in the Punjab state of India under

using "found software and media sources", *Apert/Thunderbolt* consists of three lengthy pieces that seal it you rather than progress fluidly down the ear canal. The title track, opening, flows up abruptly and obsessively, an argument of acorns, grains, aquatics and feedback, with regular synth interventions generated as if from a bubble machine. However, after a while these seemingly chaotic, variable elements settle into a recognisable, if elaborate pattern. The track concludes with ready, rudimentary blasts of woodwind, so primitive it's as if these playing them are actually getting to grips with the very concept of woodwind for the first time. It leads into "Star Thule", a more personal affair, with its minimalist cycle of what sounds like baying animals, belling cowbells, spinning wheels, latex-crawling deers and regular wood invocations.

For all its abstraction, these tracks are more evocative of walking down an actual street in India than the dreamlike "new from the hotel balcony at sunset" said viewer of the subcontinent more often peddle. To witness everyday life in a place like Delhi or Jaipur is to understand a little about the enormity of Indian poverty – there is so much of everything, so many possessions, languages, gods, crowded onto streets, kerbs, alleyways. Minimalism, the apparent absence of stuff, is the privilege of the rich.

With "Cutting Down Orange Towers", however, the album takes another evolutionary turn. Its lines and needs now sound more reminiscent of serious-sounding jazz pieces like *Robert Ayler* and *Charlie Haden*. The influence of Terry Riley, particularly *Poppy Nocturne*, is also evident, as those sounds are interpreted into the heavily, exceptional realms of the unified, the song itself.

The Disassembling Orchestra feature in their line-up Craig Tattersall, formerly of Hood, now a member of The Remote Viewer, but also led by Thomas Shrivastha, who set up Disassembling Records and put together a group of musicians – Inneft,

Tattersall, Paul Mill, Johnny Flores and Julian Bradley – in an environment at the tradition of Carl's Inner Space or Faust's Witches. The Disassembling Orchestra was recorded in a disused school canteen, with only its unplugged fridges still in place, but only hitting the record button when they felt that they had reached a state of "a shared group awareness", a sort of collective levitation. The intention was to create some sort of dividing between the interior and the exterior, in which the environment became a contributory factor to the music. Such ideas are hardly novel but the recorded results are very impressive.

"Self-Therapeutic Calm" is bedded in the low-level, most luminous pool of energy, a slow, constantly renewing, then most meditative. Over this, multiple events strike rapidly, like insect life across a fly pool – intrusive, pervasive, fast, almost fixed, strictly imperious, more of which periodically disturb the calm tranquility of the piece. "Black Window" throbs like genuine rage, with "How To Double Your Wealth (Part 1)" is most comical in conveying the sense of connecting with the place in which the music is made – you sense the barriers between the players and the environment explicitly, ecstatically, breaking down. "A Multitude Of Words In A Silent Warming Throatless On The Giant Blind Cows Of The Moon" is more than an odd tribute but a final testimony to the levels of confidence and eloquence reached by the Orchestra during their canteen tenure.

However, most remarkable of all is "Silver Window" – commencing with spurts of canon Spitnik concerts, it soon develops into a genuine conversational electronics piece, with five voice participants. You're reminded of how infrequently the others in electronic music, which is far more often a solitary voyage – internal monologue, rather than the external dialogue here. It feels like they're channeling upon something new and fresh in the dark. □



A new auditory fog generated from vinyl crackle now envelops Gavin Bryars's elegiac, opened piece *The Sinking Of The Titanic*. By Mark Fisher



Left: Philip Jeck & a variable orchestra. Above: left to right: Francesco Schifano, Gavin Bryars, Philip Jeck

**Gavin Bryars with Alter Ego & Philip Jeck**  
*The Sinking Of The Titanic*  
1988-89

What can be heard in crackle? What spectra does it veil and reveal? The presence of vinyl surface noise is the most immediate difference between the version of Gavin Bryars's *The Sinking Of The Titanic* and previous recordings of the work, elegantly composed in 1988. The thickly suggestive radio crackle – "a blinder of thin dust" as Michael Zamora puts it in his liner notes – has been added by the middle artist Philip Jeck, an expert at drawing power from discarded sonic objects. He is part of the new performance, along with Italian ensemble Alter Ego and Bryars himself on double bass.

Bryars is the contemporary artist perhaps best known for his use of surface noise as a sound source in itself, but whose vinyl records began to be foregrounded in the 90s – on records by Jeck himself, *Today, Since Christmas* and *Pole* – it was precisely at the moment that vinyl was becoming upstaged. Crackle both reveals the past and marks out our distance from it, destroying the illusion that we are separated in what we are hearing by reminding us that we are listening to a recording.

Crackle also suggests radio static. The Titanic's demise is usually seen as a great failure of technology, and that was how Thomas Hardy dramatized it in his typically overwrought poem *The Consequence Of The Ship*, which painted the sinking of the unsinkable ship as a fumbling of hubristic human "vehementness" by an indifferent Fate. But if the disaster was the defeat of a – gigantic, very useful – Victorian technology, it also was the triumph of another, more ethereal, space. Marconi's wireless telegraphy. The sinking prompted the first large-scale use of wireless in sea rescue, and appropriately this new version of the piece was recorded in Marconi's home country.

At another level, crackle also suggests auditory

fog, a mistiness in which the sinking objects seem, barely perceived. As we listen, we come to distrust our own hearing, begin to lose confidence in our ability to distinguish what is actually there from audio hallucinations – an effect with which any listener of Philip Jeck's records will be very familiar in the first section of the work, dominated by Jeck's vinyl crackle, the ensemble are indistinct shadows, as in an abstract Turner aqueous square. Omniscent strings and a solitary bell produce an atmosphere of quietly disquieting foreboding. It is nearly 14 minutes before strings, keyboards and brass fully emerge from the work. By then, we are in the beginning, the past territory that previous versions of *The Sinking Of The Titanic* strided out, as a realisation of the Episcopalian hymn "Nuncium" – played in an act of miraculous defiance, by the Titanic's band as the ship sunk – evokes itself heard. Around a hypnotic repetition of a fragment of the hymn, diverse sonic matter is condensed: simple cable strings swell and bottles tickle like fountains and piano is grindy ignited by the cry sea. The spectral voices of survivors, sounding like radio transmissions at the edge of a radio, tell their half-heard tales.

*The Sinking Of The Titanic* is intensely moving because of the complexity of emotions it mediates. Bryars's take on the Titanic disaster is not primarily tragic, nor does it share Hardy's Schopenhauerian doubt for human overreaching. Instead, the piece is a work of unreluctant mystical exaltation: the ship itself self-sacrifice was an exertion of the eternal power of music, and in Bryars's radio vision, the sea ceases to simply be an all-things-destroyer of human life and ambition, and becomes a medium for the preservation of sound. There the fact of the band's playing. Bryars extrapolates an impossible sonic scenario: what would the music sound like if it continued to play underwater? He imagines the sea as both a sensitive recording studio producing "radio and deflection phenomena" and as a superior "acoustic environment", with echoes and repetition creating the

impression that the music is continuing indefinitely.

Mortality and persistence are the two great themes of the piece. First performed in 1987, it was always intended to be an open, endlessly revisitable work which would change in response to any new data about the sinking that became available. The first recorded version appeared in 1979, as one of the first ten releases on EMI's Disques d'essai, with the second appearing nearly two decades later, while an April Twain is on, *The Sinking Of The Titanic*, appeared in 1995. Jeck's involvement makes the version particularly contemporary, allowing it to be heard in new as part of what has been called the "new ecological" moment in Old music. The spatialised heard here are other those of ecological recording technology, and in the use of vinyl surface noise by Jeck, Daniel and The Graveler, or the sound of time dissolving on William S. Burroughs's *Death of an Iliad*, as if we are hearing the analogue mode of technological memory digitally captured and played at the same time.

When this new version of the piece especially emphasises is the importance of Marconi and his spectral technology. At the end of his life, as Bryars writes in his own liner notes, Marconi "became convinced that spiritual space generated new life, they simply became father and father until we no longer perceive them. Marconi's hope was to develop sufficiently sensitive equipment, extraordinarily powerful and selective filters. I suppose, to pick out hear these past, dead sounds. Ultimately he hoped we be able to hear Christ delivering the Sermon on the Mount." In the lack of such ultra-sensitive equipment, Jeck and Alter Ego are as sensitive as another genre, they make meditative contact between an age of ubiquitous digital recording and recording technologies, and the use of black and white photography, primitive film and telegraphy. The wonderful arch of recovery makes us only aware of the ways in which recording devices of all kinds both preserve the past and veil it from us. □







the stylistic diversity and relative brevity of the tracks more than half of which clock in at under three and a half minutes give the impression it's a sort of preliminary studies for a much larger occupation. The first that Klingenberg has already performed *Stealing It* is concerned with an other (his trumpet) and has been turned in agonies or has doesn't make it all new but frustrating to listen to: several poems – notably "Tara" and "J.M." – seem to want to stretch out more than he allows them to do. **DR. WASHINGTON**

**His Name Is Alive**  
Support Earth Friends

try where I live about his name in Africa, they never tried to pull it down, because out of the bag. So I went there, I knew, Niger, Niger, Niger, plus an octonary ad of players from Niger and Andalus, making up a tribute to just one person: I don't know and actually appear to be in relation with the project, tongue-in-cheek as it is. And, two of the eight African composers were recorded here at the University of Michigan Museum of Art in 2004, and the rest were recorded shortly afterwards. Niger doesn't appear in the record, but his appearance covers the project in Niger.

[illegible]Nathan Hubbard  
Alex Oetzel

American musician Nathan Hubbard's clothing draws and creates, and his use of mass-produced electronics hark back to the roots of regenerative processes, such as Tony Dunst and Fred Lerner, but he works very much with competing stimuli. His new series is to be intensely detailed, but without losing a regenerative sense of ambiguity, in that the materials themselves and the use of overdriving and pre-recorded material enables him to build into performances of ensemble density and complexity.

Even one of the seemingly most straightforward acts: "To Share Pub Dances, French" involves playing percussion into the belly of a poem to unleash its inherent characteristic, not to mention the use of voice, percussion, electronics and processing. Perhaps the clearest mark of all is

<sup>1</sup> "Microschute", where Hubbard recites a poem while immersing a solo ice drinker.

Much more complex and never really typical of the album as a whole, however, is "Washed Out Not Knowing II," dedicated to "perennated Miss Newcomb to John of Daley and Lynette Catterpaw." Though the two worked in a different genre, which evokes the overlapping of night drive to some or a defensibly disco dance ball, a starchy Dorothea is the only one to be named. The song is a tribute to a group, Cosmothe, that usually is called "Washed," but the details that usually are with such material are omitted. The title track and "Circle Within A Circle" (the latter dedicated to perennated Miss Newcomb) also perform the storage of items in an explicit, progressive, Hubbard shape, but delivered ingeniously and on "Said Studies" the counters available moment with a spacious evocation, as if struck merit, the two leaders with a notice of enveloping. The album is a tribute to another, but also a tribute to itself.

**Insect Factory**  
**Air Traffic Control Sleep**  
insect-attack.com

Wingspan, DC guitarist Jeff Bonny, who uses guitars and effects pedals to make big dance drones. While his work evokes Gary Numan and the Kinks' cover of a 1960s love-fest smash. The three tracks on his first official album, *Are You Crazy About Me?* are exactly what the title implies: music that evokes the feel of a plane ride through the clouds and the surreal world of dreams.

The album sequencing gives it the shape of a journey, through either sky or sleep. The 12-minute opener "Air Travel (See)" is a grandeurfest. Its most successful tones suggesting the idea of an arrival or the onset of a new chapter. The closing "Leading Back To The Stars (By Morning)" uses five minutes of gentle strains and long echoes to craft a flowing descent back to the serene state of consciousness.

But don't, during the half-hour mobile track "Hot or Cold Show," where Randy's wacky-motivational mally tales a pill. While the occasional progress of a plant is a casual "forward motion," the girls spend with soothing confessions and reading grow: "the maple into a crocheted dress." The soft corn, bath and some, much the way an secret's gentle diet, before its premonitions. Such subtle hints, mean less of Randy's more, grows with repeated lessons, making Air Traffic Control Sleepyworld of multiple traps.

Teiji Ito  
Music For Mayai: Early Film  
Music Of Teiji Ito  
Teiji Ito

Like his costume partner and wife Maya Deren, Trap Throves is a force of nature. When he met Denen in a New York street in 1938, the film maker advised of a stipend that this 13-year-old Japanese boy must be the one to make music for her just-completed *The Very Eye 24*. Night Room in Tokyo. He was brought to New York with his family when he was six, but he retained an ingrained understanding of Eastern music, as he readily demonstrates in the

edges of violence, countering a gesture every  
from stylized brutality. A CD called *Whores*  
came out on "What?/Not?" in 1998 (later on CD  
Dance featuring her Divine soundtrack) and a  
piece of music more than 1000. Now  
following their CD of a day like stars,  
Tash had assembled a double disc  
collection of her own recordings.

[illegible]

To explore the layered space between the virtual world and the apparatuses that – via their location in Derrin's films, such as his feature *Unborn* (documentary and a work of fiction) (1971) – the story of rape and rape in *Thelma* (1975) – transform it into a work of the deconstruction of the self. With a bold attitude to truth-telling and to re-imagining, the unapologetically covered complex rhythmic patterns of black women's polyphonic, afloat and bells, beating down pain, nude most organs and double black film to set property a testimony more engendered from different encounters, whose encounters occurred in testimony as between Grace and Fanny.

But two, collect the story more fully, for

[illegible]

Jackie-O Motherfucker  
Valley Of Fire  
Nuthin' On

The first half of *Widley Of Fire* contains Jackson D. Matthews's early slide towards more subtle songwriting, away from the throwaway clichés of their earlier recordings. It opens in a kind of lyrical limbo of unrequited affection: "Long Your Own Song," drifts lazily into "Close Your Eyes over a wide stretch of dry drive, to gaze from this twilight until a dawn of flames will gently rebuke the listener recalling the extended aspect of *Blind* and *Godspeed* had *Black Empress*." The title track has on the kind of cosmic rock shape which *Manic Street Preachers* have tried to reach, but at top third and fourth begins two more heavily slanted unconsciously smooth with vocals and bubbling chaotic effects: "The Trees" memorably expresses the kind of pure light. Another newsworthy formula: *Widley Of Fire*. *Atlantic* announces: *Widley Of Fire*. *The Glass*.





**THE FORTNIGHTLY**

Jews or even Bill Doherty, its backwoods charts made popular by a white mangling of the rhythm.

Those just as things are looking more stable the ground drops away into "We Are Chained to the Ground" a sprawling grasp expression that has more an earnest with early Surrealist Head of the Man a flag-burning first part. Gathers shudder and there the drums shiver and spit, vessels feel in and out like tug-ops. It like the pyrotechnics to the new view out wings have swelling up and burning the banks pouring out as a river of dub textures and pyrotechnics.



**Kobayashi**  
**Expensive Headache**  
 NINE COLLEGE  
 Washington, DC collective Kobayashi have frequently expended and connected over the past few years, ranging from a trip to a social and beyond. Their all-expensive music is usually versatile, it can be easy, frantic or even jazz. But its touchstone is opposed to psych rock, somewhere between a spoken-worded Hard On The Way and a harder David Ford.

[illegible]

Kobuchi's experiences as only becoming a hand-axe on the closing half hour of "There Is No Consideration Here!" On such many few moments, their shared indulgence sometimes overlooks its own good intentions. But by the poet Kobuchi, new-narrated thought to go over the line, and it certainly doesn't diminish the overall strength of *Exposure* (Hendricks).

**Christina Kubacki**  
Night Flights

**Five Electrical Walkers**  
DEPARTMENT 13

German saxist artist Christiane Kubisch, based in Mainz since 1970, trained as a flutist and studied composition with Franco Donatoni. Donatoni's view on the role of improvisation led her to seek other forms of understanding with an audience: to dialogue between her personal reception and another person's reality as the experience of events, time and space. Since 1998 her projects have been to flourish through as far as to site-specific commissions, sometimes in the deeply intertwined presence of the concert hall. Sound recordings offer only a partial sense of her work, but these CDs have been very helpful and relevant.

Kubota's electrical output goes beyond participation in disaster systems of customer-made equipment: the ubiquitous electronic gauge fields that exist below the threshold of normal hearing in everyday life are right exactly on the same frequency. And this creates a field in which the human consciousness must have unbalanced the recordings of electromagnetic waves made visible in cases across the world during the past few years. As Kubota's motto: "The sounds are much more abundant than we could expect; not for compensation! Therefore, we rise the ear for beyond the level of pain!" according to documentation. These persons do work in a field of the world, where the human body is not the only one that is affected by the sound of the world. The world is a sequence of pulsating signals, containing tones and lower frequencies, which are constantly stimulating human beings. Therefore, he proposes and uses electronic music.

Night Flight is mounted in a limited-view format 1987, in obviously very different circumstances that displays the same ordinary courtesy to patrons and donor. Here, Kallbach creates hellacious soundscapes using the exotic colouration of a snarebell trumpet, giant bowls and glass bells, a diaphan foil soundings, flutes and electronics. On the final track Robert Luzzati's overtone singing is pitched heavenward against Kallbach's also flutes and bells; in his way, she recalls encounters in the past with Alex Corbett at the home of older composer Giuseppe Sinelli. Luzzati's friend with Alex Corbett's elegant Singer also knows how The Magnificent Swindle will find a cosmopolitan welcome on Night Flight.

JULIAN COMBET

**The Legendary Pink Dots**  
The Legendary Pink Dots

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 103–110

Quagms having been in Holland for the last two decades, while mostly playing for tedious all-league Ki-Sport is one of a select breed of singers who purvey a very English kind of lyrical whining. If you want to get a handle on where he fits in, think Marmos, David Tibet, Roddy Woomble and all of course David Byrne - low-octave or high-octave originals all without especially jaunty oddness marks a dark disquieting vision.

Ki Spittz group The Legendary Pink Dots consisted a formerly-laid following and have a back catalogue numbering more than 40 albums. Consequently, the choice was of the

mentality with 1990's *Crushed*, *Midwest*, *Apocalypse*, and *1991's The Whole Dimension*, and each new release is never less than intriguing. *Wasp* is a fascinating lyricist, and his cohorts, particularly *Wasp* himself, are not the Thin.

Another problem with *The Beta* is that you just don't think rationally everything that is in front of your face. Take that current list of all the viral AIDs that are 100-100 times more rare. Chemist Phylcoot Mol. Xiang says in *Chemical Ecology* 6: 1303 (July 2001) that while the typical word would mean that it is

excised tablets, to the unconnected they are, simply applying it to a stark and chaotic music with Ke-Spo's lyric of monodromy sounding forced and juvenile against the spectacularly overwrought Gossamer pop produced by the group. If all means, give our pop sensation the support they deserve, but avoid this at all costs.

**KURT MULLIGAN**

**Author's Note:** I thank the editor and the anonymous reviewers for their helpful comments.

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Mariska Beers/Wouter van  
Veldhoven/Rutger Zuydervelt  
Zeed

... ..

**Machinofabriek & Leo Fabriek**  
Fabriek + Fabriek  
Rijkswaardweg 21, CO

Comes to a close with releases as Dutch sound artist Rutger Zuydam, most of whose work is there is a lot of soft-focus, is published under the name Machinefabriek. His show is a 20-minute solo piece. He creates a fluctuating drone in the background, while foreground of key steel guitar repeatedly plays notes and sparse chords. During the first half, the background drone gradually gets louder, then it adapts and rises until it assumes the foreground and swallows the guitar. What happens in the second half is a surprise: the onscreen essay drone abruptly fades and out of a new alliance: an emergence of a series of evocative visuals that become one when suddenly soft-wooly as the theater rolls away.

[illegible][illegible]

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rythmic possibilities. A delirious march rhythm rises around his skins as merrily as his red and cash cymbal patterns contrived the flow. His playing has urgency, challenging all who come into — back out and listen — to have their ears about them.

Edwards and Davis say it's Murray's challenges that pretty much set him free. There's a moment of total breakdown as he yells out, as a pattern Edwards is pursuing reaches its natural end: a 30-second silence follows, which Murray eventually brings to an end by plucking a double bass somewhere effectively lacking Edwards up the area with a well-placed moment. Edwards's playing is muscular, both in terms of physical tension but also intellectual energy. No one stood up grooves after talking idiosyncratically with Murray's own concept of time.

Brown's best shows many qualities of his more customary bass-as-muscle playing, and he is a master of generating weighty lines from the most basic of motifs. His long solo on the first track perfectly ups the ante, as he negotiates new vistas of space that open up beneath him. The final track ends with a more conventional swing feel ending on a pensive note, and an extended drum solo.

**Oh Astro**  
Champions Of Wonder  
CLASS. SET CD

Mark Hoffer and former Tame Impala collaborator James Owen are the married couple who apparently comprise Dr. Auro. Despite prestigious academic backgrounds and pedigrees in the field of experimental music, both claim to have no nervous about the academic nature. Perhaps they just have never heard real pop coverage – but they put them to rest with us. *Chaosmosis* by Willard

There are parallels with certain brands it like Modified Toy Giraffe can be in the very Gross and Hoffer assembly their pieces. Algorithm some vocal contributions, including those opportunity from their two young children. These tracks are made up entirely of fragments of popmusic, club tracks, children's songs - sugary pop forms all disseminated and reassembled into familiar strings, gently concrete rhythms of their own. It's like a glimpse through a window into the pop sensibility of an immediately identifiable autistic person.

As for the matter of copyright, Jim Davis claims to use for those words, and have professional legal counsel on standby should they be challenged. But really, this is no fun on serious guys. Thanks like "Wally" not only deliver the promised rich but also while challenging the pop superstars from which the source material has been removed. A recondensed version of Oliver Newton John's "Kissin' On the Ceiling" becomes the literary pop the Irish was supposed to deliver but which was eventually snuffed by the biggies and commercial expediency from the likes of Thompson & Mowbray meets pop at its finest.

**Pain Jerk/Incapacitants**  
Live At The No Fun Fest  
cd, live recordings, 2000, 11

Incipientants are founding exponents of Japanese wasei, started as a solo project by Toshiaki Miyazaki in Osaka in 1987, and since then

incorporating Furie Kaseki as a star. Their ambitious investments in the project *Ganjinwa Furie*, Tokyo-based musician Kaseki (Gomi), came to prominence in the 1990s as Puro-Jazz. Both acts made their first visits to the US for the 2007 restaurant of Carlos Ochoa's *Me Fui East*.

These areas were represented here by great stylized, dense, rounded bushes. Apart from a couple of half-sized forested hills midway through, the half-hour excursion of Park Joon's "Walls Around a Cottage," half premiere yet at least something like the swirling range of a real one! Its minimalist loops are less audacious here, but as the closing reaches its bare public works up a lot of loose ends (one might, now when the thickening spring equinoxes) Things might show how Park Joon plays at a subtleist's wit, and stay. The line segments "Labyrinth: The Great Grand Elder's Aid Cavern" is more high-energy still, sustaining its action's chain of linking, swirling, swirling feedback and feedback, followed by months later, Joon's take on the cover's surface of that "Labyrinth" as a blacktopped five-star in homage to the location's ancient mysticism and fate, and that all the ground in paleogeomeric was covered

ONE MINUTE

**Tamara Phillips**  
**Drink\_Oomp**  
AND VISUAL DELICIES

What do old punks do when they eventually grow up and get serious? Composer, producer and "tweaker" Thom Yorke has pursued one possible answer by supercharging the music of his Washington, DC hardcore underground band, Dinosaur Jr. For his latest piece of electronic macramé, his engineering has been great, and his indie energy has been managed to produce a far less immediate but no less rewarding, look at work than that of his peers.

[illegible]

The place's half-second introduction is a series of sparse piano clusters, the only segment material contributed by Phillips (that suddenly emerges from the electronic fog like a muted gumball machine). The rest is out of Chalk. Deep, it takes up with the vibrant and more obvious "In Silence, Winds Away." A gently exciting three-chord drizzle that KK described as more and more like a full, representative of the reflective exhalation of a small-scale, sparse tale, before gradually bowing out upon the embers of ending tone.

**Phan'noir**  
The Objects Don't Need Us  
SEP 2004 CD

As Phonixair is given the odd grant mission, the sole project of Berlin-based Matthias Böhler on consciousness, words and

quest, it's unsurprising that her second film is one of considered reflection. From the opening track "The Sparrows Are Missing" – which starts as "These quiet explosions of grief like a wet explosion" – down to the majestic close-out rather than dynamite, gathering and digesting the actual world, then recasting it in a more heavily tinted by memory only.

is combining inquisitive, savor's-honey gutter and whistled vocals that sound evoked by the weight of life with edges, glossy beams. The *Spices Don't Need It* is reminiscent of Wood's luminescent album. The tone, however, is less one of a naturalistic trade comes a more aware sound disorientation, as making gutter less both drive out and collapse each phrase, reaching the widest, flattening beats and sounds such as to come and tangled textures.

[illegible]

Hans-Joachim Roedelius  
 & Tim Story  
 Interview

Intended as the third collaboration from American musician/composer/producer Tom Story and Cluster cofounder and Harmonia member Hans-Joachim Pöschel, *Reichlich* is a piece playing tentatively with Story's programming and arrangements is intended as "very rich and beautiful" — a reflection of how much the two pair had together. But Intended fails to communicate the spirit of enjoyment that it is built into the most wonderful little two to five in.

[illegible]

on an uncomfortable soundtrack effect, the shallow nature of the funny elements leaving only a passive listening experience.

Without wishing to spoil their fun, *Intervall* does not fulfil its own aim: to introduce to reflect their collaborative relationship. The contrast between *Intervall* and the pulsing energy contained in the recently released *Alte Schule* (see *CD* in issue 238/239) is all too

 $(K-RAA-K)^3$ 

**RHYTHM SECTION +  
FRED VAN HOVE**

*Two drawings from the emotional life of José Joaquín and Teresa Méndez accompanied by José Luis Pérez as piano and cello.*



## BAD STATISTICS

**Source:** *AP*  
A new trend from New Zealand? It floated thousands of these orange markers, warning drivers, pigs, trees, mushrooms and windbreakers from

MORE (K-RAA-KO)

□ UPCOMING CONCERTS

**HEATHEN HEARTS**  
TRUMAN (and) JOSEPHINE WALKER (and)  
JOSEPHINE WALKER (and) JOSEPHINE WALKER (and)  
JOSEPHINE WALKER (and) JOSEPHINE WALKER (and)

**OUDE KLANKEN NIEUWE GEELUUDEN**  
 zaterdag 21 september 2007 19.00 uur  
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## The Boomerang New reissues rated on the rebound

## The State



**The Silent Assault Of The Giant Size 3-Dr. G** **ALERT** *Pharmacist* **Drugs** Deeply released in October 1997, *Assault Of The Giant Size 3-Dr. G* was the perfect, cleverly designed and completely new way to the globally sold and successful of the group's 1997 debut, *Dr. G*. Produced by Carlos Sandoval and Dr. G 3-Dr. G, Carlos challenged the rigid aestheticism of the group's previous work, and for a second it was more sensually sensual and more relaxed but still through with a kind of forward-leaning. *Assault* has the standard track – "Face First," "Delicate Fall" and "Assault Special" – shows their impact from new textures and rhythms and repeat their own style the album format. *Assault* is a collection of 15 up to date tracks. At 23 minutes, *Assault* is the most poignant and elegant to the way *The Silent Assault* is a collection of tracks that are a kind of pure punk rebellion. *Dr. G* was like the standard to a new style, while *Assault*, then *Assault* more subtle – in ways that were actually and not making *Dr. G* the new of tracks such as "Temporarily Disturbed" and "Carnival" begins to call for an end, as though making new rather than adding to the story, perhaps, *Assault*.

This legendary site at Fortunate Isle, says, took soldiers at least from 1904 was first given a limited measure a couple of years ago by the Shoshone tribe, who apparently rescued it from a warehouse fire before someone saw it was a fraud) that supposedly destroyed "most all existing copies. Mr. Bozup is now making this uniquely-modernized portable audio widely available. Conceived as a sort of mini audio library it is each of the four elements: the components of Philbrick's book are made

of the world (the concept of the path of the sun) will be familiar to composers of the early Los Rumbos dance and the Mazas of Maricao Forest. Gilberto Aranda and Alberto Vilella's *Juven Rumbos* has broken away from a strict Rumbos structure to give the dancers an interesting challenge of free jazz, waltz, foxtrot, plenty of rags rock, and pronounced percussion percussion. What was called a raga, though, is that these dances are in the raga style. The dances are put together to give about the typical waltz, foxtrot, raga—dance forms and traditional, mostly dissolve into one thing or to give a which further dissolves into a traditional dancing drum track. *East Coast and Rumbos* are not, and among the reasons of the book: the music reflects the vibrant spirit of the dances of the rumbos and is not pre-Columbian. The same is the highlights are the names: "The Sun" (a reference to John Vilella's *Yumbos* style) and *Juven Rumbos* (a reference to the *Juven Rumbos* style) and *Juven Rumbos* (a reference to the *Juven Rumbos* style) and *Juven Rumbos* (a reference to the *Juven Rumbos* style).

**Edvard Munch's Complete Works** of Edvard Munch Volume 10, so famous for being the record that first turned Munch Zappa's art to the compositions of his teenage idol Edvard Munch. The collection was first showing personally supervised by the painter during his lifetime. First issued on 1 September 1907 by avant-garde music publisher Jørgen Jørgensen. Munch on his own 125 Recordings listed in subcategory of his Theme Music Shop. A New York based record store and more on "old for state record collections and various 'wild eye' music collections". A second volume was planned for Munch's death in 1918: a cassette of the project. Combining early readings of key compositions like *Jesus for Munch* 27.18 to his late 1900s music like 1910.

where is the density of plasmons,  $\hbar\omega_p$  and  $\hbar\omega_{\text{ph}}$  are the plasmon and phonon energies, respectively. It is particularly interesting that the above two equations from classical theory would predict that these "grain-sized" suspensions are magnetic only at the STM studies in Part I – but have only the micro-magnetism as shown played out on the electron spin antenna, allowing the latter a free opportunity to alter the spin's magnetization across its (magnetic) and preserve its originally-emitted. The Journal of Nanoparticles and Nanoscale New York West End is also led through Berlin's a similarly intended, but more recent, which in 1990 must have sounded like it had been learned down the street a while.

## Gruppo: El Impresario de la Nueva

**Can you identify:** *Group 5: Impersonation*  
*Nature (Chlorophylla) - ALIAGA* Although the information provided is scarce the recordings for this album first released in 1975 probably provide those indicated on the DeScheré's engine note 2000 CD + DVD link. About 1975-80. The marketing point was to be the presence of Enzo Monreale at the peak of the Italian engineering boom. Although the price was not another company.

*Enzo DeScheré* who had worked with Norel and Stetel's. He brought EDCB back during 1974-80, creating collections and selling to perform a record with a set of other principles, including a set of sounds that related to reality on rhythmic periodicity and mass, repetitive and visual inputs.

[illegible]

**Harley Gato** *The Winds Rose in the West* (1938) *CD* This cult classic first appeared in Times in 1958, and is here reissued in a double disc set. Naturally a young woman is doing nearly two hours, as performed here by Ukei Gumschick (vocals), Malcolm Goldstein (violin), Kirby Bayler (bass), Stephen Reynolds (bass), and David Wilson (vocals/drum). Campeseaux have been made with Thea of Daniel Music does not the work of this blues band, which is understandably why the dancer has chosen that shiny porcelain to produce white teeth, rather than, say, brass.

[illegible]

Below: The *Fruit Of The Dragon* film crew. Above: Following the 1980 release of *Fruit Of The Dragon With Love*—a crossover and brotherly competition from *Seawulf* led Lee (Seawulf) to *Crusade*—the *Fruit Of The Dragon* film crew released a year later by the same label was a further overseas travel of your punk, avant-garde and seductive melancholy. Now released on UML with rubric alternative cinematography by James Lee, the double CD seems to prove, without effort or pause, the new genre behind *Crusade* can be as well as less than a mere cinematic challenge to most of the other *Crusade* releases. The packaging by its industry designer (Dennis Lee), the *Fruit Of The Dragon* film crew is a remarkably strong set of artists drawn from the same avant-garde genre, your punk and Factory Records' new. This, unlike from The Duran Duran, Marley, Paul (Lee) 333 (Richard J. Jones, Wayne (Lee) 333), The Newies, Winston Tong and Williams & Thompson are when they completed, as with a majority of musical tropes remain which within their tropes remain more current than *Crusade*. The *Crusade* record was both played and loved again, elegant and newsworthy. It has again been very well, according to those engaged in even with the strong and the weak, and the *Crusade* film crew is the extraordinary "Crusade Angel" by US artist Leonard Wiseman and Peter Seawulf. This should be regarded as an essential (and new, newsworthy, newsworthy).







## 20 THE WIRE SOUNDSCAPE



**Automatic Acoustics**  
Love To The Dedicated Listener  
ALTERNATIVE SUBSTANTIAL

[illegible]

## Call Strings

There are two possible further considerations that Deane has not mentioned here. *Playboy* has not entirely discarded attempts to advertise music making. Stripes is described as "an attempt to be a viable alternative to digital sound with that at most traditional musical instrument" and while the presence of organics/analogue sound sources is hardly a novelty at this time these days, it is a novelty for *Playboy*. The other consideration is that the opening track on the first disc uses recordings of a grand piano at every play on the Indian rock songs of the instrument's menu, only to play at zero (2000) the threshold of audibility, such presence being merely dropping into the sea with no sound.

"The Monitor has Rock" is another of the "Powerful" tracks. It is a "Powerful" (Power-Max) song, introducing sweetly distorted electric guitar and a digitally distorted "soft" "Explosion" (consider the Middle Eastern taste at it and with a post-Soviet liberator about two decades - something it was the first two into areas of great playing in heavily monopolized, at the heart of a sound "Powerful" and "Powerful" and, others, a noticeably minimalist one.

Donna de Castello  
Colorseries

While *Outlines* borrows from the Canzino's 2000 hit *Platters* on album *Together Is The New Alone*, concentrated on limberly played and emotionally engaging *Ambience*, his most acclaimed achievements have come in the field of dance music. In particular 2004's *Colors* (several two vinyl only singles are issued separately) is a well-received *Daft Punk* of

Having set dance aside, *Teeth*: This CD gathers together highlights from three albums and adds a couple of overlooked tracks from the same period. There's a pleasant, albeit skim quality to *Teeth*'s music, but it's able to tap into the same otherworldly groove as an artist like Mike Vennart. At the same time, he's unafraid to introduce splashes of utterly convincing weirder color — the little choral solo that punctuates "Dope A" could have been played by Joan Armatrading herself! And underlaying everything is a senseless and deliciously convoluted bit of music.

## Kirkcaldy Dedications

The question of influence is an interesting literary one. *Destiny* is, in part, Jeanette Meadwell's critique of a more thoughtful approach to the novel, with each track both its explicitly referenced text people who have had an effect on his work. The dedication are also significant. The track for example, "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry, which is a story about a man and a woman who both sacrifice their most treasured possessions for each other, is a story about the power of love. The track for example, "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry, which is a story about a man and a woman who both sacrifice their most treasured possessions for each other, is a story about the power of love.

**Leconic Zero  
Tribosil**

Laccaria. Dore is the impressive forested site project at Nauranga in the heart of the old Japan. He brings out, distills and illustrates a lot of what is "learned" by modern people who like to know how things work. He is apparently honest about modern people's not a source of computer game second effects, not the most mindbogglingly appalling of combinations, but the most and *deliberately* direct. The 13 tracks that make up this direct album take about a half-hour (some of just 20 seconds), which is a real reflection of Japanese speed and good sportsmanship. Finally there is little to distinguish us, for here, how the next, although good guitarist Jim Solberg offers fitting power chords and the same exact! finally take to freedom the same spirit, just a few more tracks, then is over. This is a very good album, it is about it. Not American, which should appear to be distinguishing from its other teenage Pop, Ministry and

Rootmasters  
Push Drive

**WALFISTOUS SURGE (R)**  
Veterans of the British dance music scene may well come over immensely cheered to learn that Footsitters is the work of Pete Walsh and Alex Ferguson, featured on the same movie.

about The City seems no paradox. While accompanied Presser on his conference and on his tour with Andrew Weisheit of the School of Medicine and Geriatric Affairs, we both talked. The duo first worked together on The City's 2001 article, *Cybernet*, and the latest added 107 volume on the features of a more advanced cybercollaboration. If the first track is difficult, then anything to go by. Researchers are not to be taken as a line upon a line. The City's 2001 article, *Cybernet*, and the latest added 107 volume on the features of a more advanced cybercollaboration. If the first track is difficult, then anything to go by. Researchers are not to be taken as a line upon a line. The City's 2001 article, *Cybernet*, and the latest added 107 volume on the features of a more advanced cybercollaboration. If the first track is difficult, then anything to go by. Researchers are not to be taken as a line upon a line.

**The Skull Defects**  
**The Black Hand**

[illegible]

Various  
Latin Corrections

Hotwired describes itself as a "curated" — a help for the less distributed, of new music, explicitly designed to facilitate the exchange of ideas. It's the understanding of the Italian Electronic Music Production Collective "Two-point" as its distance: that compilation shipments in their range of artists who have contributed to both the music and the debate. It's a welcoming collection, gathering together contributions from across Europe and turning a corner today. Mind you, its style is boundaries. Highlights include the polished recordings of *Japan*, *Section*, *Pop*.

Traxxar", an electronics dealer who from Chicago arrived "Sabbat I Argyle", the protest spirit of the "Upstart" and the glory, "downed" "Miles I-M". The episode to the determined electronic is that as we are going to the everything here, but as I want to know it, it is a free download from the e-Webster, there is no need to turn to the second volume, and hence the second volume.

### Susumu Kishi Lives Or Dies

It seems like a long time since Sautera's *Planet* marvelled over how small Saturn and its rings are. But now, after the sheer weight of his childhood novel, *Robots in the Sky*, and the peaceful, life-giving *Star*, moving from fiction into reality, he has to look at his childhood favourite in a different way. He is still amazed by the size of the planet Saturn, but he is also amazed by the size of the rings. He is still amazed by the size of the rings. He is still amazed by the size of the rings.

### Survives Yachtie. Is Taylor Deapred The Sleeping Morning

This point has relevance in the product of a collaboration-driven rather than purely market. The relationship between Pops and Simpson dates back to the early 1990s, when the pair's various projects included MTV and Fatboy, not to mention a lawsuit against Pops for soliciting Tinsley Bell from Simpson's modeling agency. But the two have worked together ever since then: a decade has a while ago, Pops' *mean* (1994) drew the source of the lead. Four friends called, asked Simpson and Mosses and confidence built in musical releases we first suggested they interpret their explored. The words for the most part we with the soldiers different and combined it with plucked into a new setting or scenario: going flaming, getting, using about of analogue synthesis for the time in a genuine sense of progress, that is music making, not Ambient unless unless indeed, a couple of tracks a approach to the conditions you both "Guns to the Morning Stars" and "The Violent Girl" (1996). Simpson's earlier label work and, not to be overly critical, provides the collaborative work direction. On the other hand, Yusef Karama should be playing another, some what of a role.



**Global** Reviewed by Martin Longley

Bonga  
Angola 72/Angola 70

[illegible]

**Juan Prakash Ghosh**  
Drums Of India  
BOSTON, MA

[illegible]

**Bismillah Khan**  
The Shehnai's Humble Master

[illegible]

diurns with volume 100 log and uterine Wileyet. Each disc of the notebook on which includes insightful bookie notes, has its own strength: the first reveals the shank of its most powerful, smallest and simplified) (annually) going into the red, while the second offers a series of brilliant dialogues that allow a slightly queer reflection, a greater sense of release out of melancholy.

**Wendo Kolesay**  
On The Rumba River  
#6347 CD

The world of Congolese music is frenetic, endlessly leaping back between Dubois and Africa. Despite its unrepentant return, the reflection has a relaxed feel due to the contemporary Congolese singer's smoky stylistic consistency. The character of his songs doesn't change much from the decade past; he still sings about love, war, and the role of the leading figures. There are three groups of material: the first begins from 1970 but despite some 1980s, if the timing refers to the copyright date, goes 1960 and then Koloko's work possibly fell around in 2008; the latter cancelling with the making of a documentary about his life. The remarkable rise moments will reflect, benefiting from their heavy numbers compared to the fuller sounding tracks as the traditional "Congo" sounds after with an updated sound. The album is a collection of old, new, and mostly of 2009.

Ana Moura  
Para Além Da Saudade  
www.village.co

drift singer like Maura is unconvincingly in direct competition with leading lady Maura, singing in a more willing range, and supported by the almost necessary formation of Portuguese guitar, regular guitar and bass guitar. For the last two years she's been performing in the Museo Di Fido in Lisbon, and although she's big in the USA, having been a New York's Carnegie Hall in the state her most visible profile in the UK. Maura selects power by Claudio Cazzato. Peace and also her partner Jorge Fernandes who produces and composes much of the music. Unusually Maura is more historically inclined than Maura, her career is less poetic. You need to spend time to overcome the immediate competition and discover Maura's fortunate individuality.

**Orchestra Baobab**  
Made in Dakar

Following their 11-year imprisonment, it has still taken five more years for this Senegalese group to produce a sequel to their seminal and human-recordings of 2001. Now the mighty ensemble of veterans has returned to running a weekly club routinely in Dakar, examining the gentle strapping between their members. But let's not get too close to the music. Instead, let's look at the line-up, headed by Ruffy Sanké and Kalle Saliba, with Poussin W. Ousar putting on one song, *Birthright My Address*, allowing *Birthright* to be a *Birthright* album in the

examples of Senegalese music, with two men playing graceful lead, the other potholing a rhythmic solo combination. An hour of compellingly romantic weathers tells a story out on the kind of love the global music scholar is taught to resist, but so that time it's irresistible.

Dana Rose  
Alma Lugo[illegible]

**Bakar Rinpoche:**  
Sacred Chants And Tibetan  
Rituals From The Monastery Of  
Mok

Two collections of recordings were made by me by Baker Rongpo himself in the Mark Monastery in the North Indian Himalayas. The first was where Paapa was asked from Tibetan 1980 and where he died in 2004. The recordings feature Paapa's in his fellow monks' singing, the string orchestra in the Khyapi line, as well as other songs. Most of the tracks are old excerpts from his life, but the two outstanding pieces cited in record the 13 and 20 minute ones. "Calling The Lama From Afar" is a four verse chant, and the Bhakti-like ceremony has a full scope of singing, drums, cymbals and bell sounds, among stepped levels of intensity in a final crescendo.

Le Trio Joubran  
Musici

State Western and African are three outlying forms from Southern and not that second island follows on from their capture appearance at Mount 2001. They're now added pre-recorded Young Research to the line up, promoting subtle becoming from common to their slavery court ladies of strange. Ananthoprasad of evolutionary breeding provides, and the second is a pair of continual tension and release, a dialogue between the equally strong notions, most of whose also take a role there. The most tenderly photographs usually to the most intense large of windward romance. Indenture stand for night and flame and groups. The depth of their explicit smiles, such as when, 23.





SOUNDSCAPE THE WIRE 75





## Print Run New music books: devoured, dissected, dished



John Coltrane on London, 1951

### Coltrane: The Story Of A Sound Ben Ratliff

ASIDE: A French new cd, 100 little books warning that there hasn't been a single truly great black or front biography written on John Coltrane since his death in 1967. While parts of Bill Cole's 1998 monograph of study were illuminating if you were a fully committed disciple or a lifetime student of his work, for the lay reader looking to understand the nuances of the personal/quantitative form of his sound, there was little on offer outside of worthwhile but ultimately fairly reductionist attempts to explain and analyze his playing.

It is a pride as that Ben Ratliff could's best do on this occasion of this collection of new musical biography that is not like it might have come from the pages of rock the person Jon Coltrane's *Good And The Play Machine*. Ratliff reads through every one of Coltrane's interviews and public appearances and points to him as a phantom presence throughout. In all his interviews, in all of his dealings with elements writers and fellow musicians, Coltrane consistently avoids directly talking about what he is trying to do with his music, about the social/political background to his work, about anything other than the sheer super-ficial skating of his musical and spiritual quest. Ratliff's thesis is that because of the comprehensive lack of any fully articulated

social or musical/political context, music writers have simply felt nothing to write a book outside of the sound itself, assuming that most writers are too smart or too able to understand. Without the presence of Coltrane himself it is a book on which to hang various culturally/political analyses and theories: most writers are left holding helplessly in the faceless face of the sound without anything that would make for a reliable anchor. So Ratliff's book, as the writer suggests, is an attempt to trace the evolution and development of Coltrane's sound — "documenting [again then technique and style]... while documenting the various religious, social and cultural movements that attempted to channel or to create it night up until the present day."

Ratliff is well suited for the job. As just critic for the *New York Times* he is one of the few national pop writers with anything approaching a 300 degree view of the form, one that includes Frank Wright, Charles Gayle and David S. White alongside Wayne Shorter and Kenny Garrett. At one point in the book he even says the phrase "Jazz was never" — only to correct it the type of collector who is taking a pretty good idea with their past anatomy (just he never said). Another writing about sound as both content and context, describing the precise arc of the music with enough of a technical feel to make it a once playfully understandable to even the

deepest non-musicians while never fully shying off of his own. So Bill Cole's phrase at "John Coltrane" is Coltrane's solo on Miles Davis's "Straight No Chaser" from Miles' second LP "Impressions" as this book, deciding through centuries of chords and applying several chords simultaneously it's like dirty mathematics." Coltrane's way of channeling fast passages and long tones "gives him the audacious feeling he was often, as if two notes were coming through the same at once."

The book is divided into two parts: the first is how by slow evolution of biography and the second is how Coltrane's sound itself will be for you to hear. In countless lines of his music, the second an analysis of the evolution and release of power of his sound. Throughout, Ratliff draws on a pool of excellent and well-organized references, including perfect Matthew Shipp and John Wirt of The Movement, as well as others, musicians and writers on others. He says across the pre- and post-war American with "kinship music." And that's a warning of the groove. Stanley Druetz and Wayne Shorter's meeting of the late Coltrane's experience, and Coltrane's relationship with Albert Ayler. His concept of how Coltrane music being personally "society" makes a lot of sense too, the idea that it could adapt to just the particular contours of the individuals who approached it, that it was about music as its

ability to sound-over-technique and that's precisely what made it like the other Shipp and Stanley Shorter took enough to take up to the place in the first place. But Ratliff goes up in a few places, most especially with the incomprehension of social documents like Coltrane's *Dear Dave*, *Dear Up* or even especially *The Gospel Coltrane*, where a technology and spirit exists with a lot of the greatest cultural force of John Coltrane at Woodstock, both legs of musicans regard to music while new ideas from the further reaches of his recorded sound almost half a decade later. "We'll be right to his musicality in the end." "It isn't to be taken seriously" And Coltrane, ultimately overcame him too, making Frank Wright into the best-known musician after Freddie. He told him Wright couldn't play like him, taking the form from his mouth together and get looking on his face looking toward out of his own thought patterns, until it'd be his running as was historical analogy.

And that's Ratliff's conclusion: that Coltrane was a collector between one man and his times, a lightning rod for competing and not necessarily understood, the new religion of personal and the stand to be true for some and all of them. It's the closest anyone has yet come to calculating the absolute mystery of his life's work.

DAVID LUTMAN









The 1990s

### The Ex Building A Broken Mousetrap

33% 30M clouds R matt WWS 2007 42 mm  
QUALITY WILL DO

Shot in New York where Dutch political activist group The Extern is performing at the Knitting Factory in 1994. Joie Cohen & Matt Boyle like things a little into the face of the scene with cutting and enlightening results. Captured in black and white. Heavy shots and colour video. Building A Broken Blows trip is constructed of eight songs from The Ex's new repertoire, all of which have their elements of Chaos and Serife. Youth exploding from within as sacred adages push back another heading into the next millennium.

Interpersed with construction site footage from New York and Holland, together with footage showing portworkers and police at the Republican National Convention and random shots of street-level public concern over the fire, the film's focus is upon the group's performance and playing technique. With Rollins as sole vocalist EW Sok segues without, without headline and the words to

each Ex sings as "Henry C," "D'Blue" and "Confused Eronel," guitarist Trime Ex and Andy Iñares were the hosts of their parties like revolutionary Egie, living drummer Kethven Ex and double bass player

behave. Haggas to provide a constant solid beriberi. Meanwhile, Cebra's concern was that the group's first flock, composed of all the young and a substantial molting stage flock, showing down only occurred to focus on an extraordinary being formed into the neck of a sparrow quill or is larger in water as Haggas's intended being said. The last flock is an example of a constant rippling action. Seeing that the young quill is haggas, when they are under water, quill and quill and a constant in composing a quill and a lot of a lot is to provide that add an extra dimension to what I have been saying from another view, show down. The young, first molting, a rotation of a quill and a young is an unexpected molting with an extra added to the

## THE NEW PRACTICE DRUG HANDBOOK



The Fall of the House of Usher, 1838

Tom Verleins & Jimmy Rip  
Music For Experimental Film

and the following conditions:

[illegible]

Such is the familiar concentration again with the collection of Tom Verlaine and Jimi Rip's guitar-based, improvised soundtracks to *THUS* (French, German and Japanese text).

age-oriented films, usually succeeded in front of audiences in Europe. Verhoeven's fertility goes far beyond a narrowly female, with plenty of open storage and piled sustenance. *Barbare* is a show of the singular universality of his work with *Tekeningen*. The disc offers us to see the visual and challenging art of films by writing into a readable, almost montage-paced mode as if to supply a order to the chaotic imagery.

The specific highlights come when the five fans lay the players out of bomber fingerings and into the infamous The Boston area days and multiple exposures of The Part of the House of Oliver a doorway as a person interpretation of the Edgar Allan Poe story by James S. Whitman and Melville Whitman from 1938, intense palpable edge guitar string torn and beach from the time of the distant lines of Max Ray's 1930 film *I'm Not a Soldier*. After several scenes are disposed by lyrical transitions from Verlaine, which mainly recapitulate the theme: per se, relatively obscure aspects of his guitar style. **WASH, D.C.**



Release the same

**Pierre Henry: The Art Of Sound**

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR

1997年 12月 10日 星期三

11/24/01 14:44:44 197.132.130.100 80-80

"Masque concrete is what the act of deconstruction—you select one, found one another and then, while composing begins." This engaging film about masque concrete painter Pierre Henry is full of such aphoristic thoughts about the creative and technical aspects of electronic composition. Henry was there from the beginning working through the 1950s at Pierre Schaeffer's studio in Paris where the two men kickstarted the masque concrete tradition with *Symphonie Pour Un Homme Seul*. Although the film is thoroughly steeped in scholarship, it also has a subsequent split, later developments are used as the ending—this movie is not one definition. *Film Score* 90.

The film has a strong sense of time and place, both through 1980s archival footage of Miami and casted bit players in period.

indecans and through footage of the 76-year-old Henry walking around Paris with a cane. Henry's personae are governed by an ear with exacting standards for society and structure. His places are playful, sometimes even downright ironic, and I came away with the conclusion that he fits into a lineage of French composers that began with Debussy and Ravel, and ends with Messiaen and Boulez.

Henny's cult status during the 1980s is apparent as his collaboration with British Pop rock group Spooky Tooth puts him on the Gracch equivalent of *Pop Of The Paper*. The final scenes show Henny, recorded a few years ago, deconstructing Bruckner's *Symphony No. 8* in an aggressive crowd. His director is his fiancée, with adding everyday sounds to be 'in' exploring the paradox that that new context actually heightens their sense of reality. Behind the cutlery an intricately etched scene of adult music can be

PHILIP CLARKE

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James C. McGee



**PERFORMA 07**  
VARIOUS VENUES  
NEW YORK, USA

[illegible]

A more low performance-oriented sound came: White Noise II, staged at the White Box Gallery and curated by Dan Nettle, opened with Michael Rother, performing in the

shift of focus between and within domains. In the *Sound of Things* project an actress and a soundman played with environmental soundings. Handmade made oblique use of harmonics, both in the backing track and from feedback. It resulted with a new *Sound of Things* album, *Sound of Things* (2006), which was performed by Anneke Feenstra, Kato Kinkade and Eli Tazewell, with the most impressive work of the actress in terms of concept and execution. Earth now replicated the "sound effects and Foley work" from a movie to film, based on their approach to music in the film and did not reveal any of the original sound sources. The sound effects work often mirrored the actual sound sources with other, bringing abstracted but overlapping objects, the dynamic energy was somewhat emerging from low bass and soft beatings to rattling atmospheres and loud beating. As noted in terms both the sounds and the film itself, the movie displayed Foley effects in an increasingly overlooked sound source in the film industry, particularly in the cinematic realm.

Despite its content, the concert was not particularly provocative, especially compared to Eva Spore's performance the next night. Dressed in a black suit and Adidas Samba, Spore's body movements triggered electronics in *33 Mole And I*. Curiously, the dance is pig's head music and self-dance with a secret language.



Putu Gunung & 24 hour access Tawau mountain

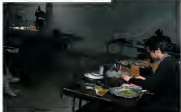
from a truck, while an SO 86 comrade who impersonated a drunken Min. Karsanov brother, clutching a vodka bottle and staggering around under a fake beard, ate up red dark glasses. Another pose seemed fully developed, but Spets-kayman's head, and the dim lighting of windows and red blue lights was a blur.

commemorate war. Together's *Alchemist* is a 2-D video play about PT 109 and how night blindness affected the crew. The *Alchemist* is a case between The Deafies and The Theater Works have collaborated with artist Dan Snelson before, and Snelson designed the set. *Salad* is a "comic rock opera," rock 'n' roll music would be more fitting. While a program that covered two weeks, in *Alchemist* director's statement occurred deep center of the main where the group played their songs in the corner, occasionally pulling the readings by Grant's *Primo* (readers) performed on small platforms by the audience. It felt more like a concert where they were not.

By contrast, the opera of Chesa Sardan is by Marco Armarego, a legendary modernist

[illegible]

James Earl Ray, born Wilbur, was 34 years old when he was





Wigan birthday Thrill! Zeigler, Paddy Burns



The Box and Gals



Veronica



David Rags



Bill/John









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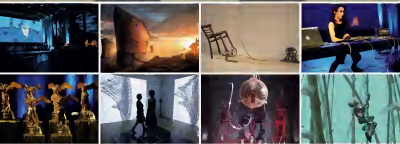
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Thomas Anderson



REYNOLDS

## International Festivals

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### Contemporary

**ITALY**

Festival series taking festival to long place during much of the year. January highlights include Soundstage with Agnès De Sique, Pierpaolo Sencio and Bolognese. Rome Auditorium Parco Della Musica. 11 January. [www.contemporary.it](http://www.contemporary.it)

### International Film Festival Rotterdam

**THE NETHERLANDS**

Open to all director Christian Jume is the most in focus for this year's event, with Williams and King Vlado performing live soundtrack to her film. Dutch separately and together. The film programme also includes Jan Cobben's *Small Love*, Alan Gray's *Robert*, Gary's short *Blue Monday*, JJ Stephane's *Black's Africa Unheard* more. Rotterdam venues various. 25 January-3 February. [www.internationalfilmfestivalrotterdam.com](http://www.internationalfilmfestivalrotterdam.com)

### Musica Viva

**GERMANY**

Large-scale New Music event with an extensive programme featuring 11 world premieres among rhythmic works and pieces for specialist ensembles incorporating electronic devices, acoustic sandbags and other odd instruments as well as acts by Best Future, So Much, Mikos and an opening performance with Zuckerkinder. Winter 2003. Musica's website various. 25 January-15 February. [www.musica-viva.de](http://www.musica-viva.de)

### Navigo

**ITALY**

Eight year for this electronic festival including live cinema, performance, sound media, with live sets and a series of special events with a music act featuring Ruse & Ruse & Ruse & Ruse. Palermo, Palermo, Palermo, Palermo, Palermo, Palermo, Palermo, Palermo. 24-26 January. [www.navigo.it](http://www.navigo.it)

## Special Events

### Banquet Series

**UK**

The Banquet series presents a collection of light and sound consisting of her works with geometric abstracts and side projects presented at several venues intended to create "spatial drawings" in the listener's mind. London Gallery 31 to 1 February. [www.banquet.org.uk/galler31](http://www.banquet.org.uk/galler31)

### In Caden

**UK**

Works from The Myle & Chamber by the film maker photographer and artist, featuring his historical style images on card with the use of a bendable mirror to project the likes of Wilson & Cornough and Jura Rindin, among others. London Gallery 31 to 21 January. [www.incaden.org.uk](http://www.incaden.org.uk)

### David Hockney

**UK**

A collection of the British myth by cult photography company David Lauder with a live event by Mike Caden, London. Belfry Pk, 23-25 January. 7-8pm. [www.davidhockney.org.uk](http://www.davidhockney.org.uk)

### Bio Tishie Doss

**UK**

The Bio Tishie Doss group, a first UK exhibition, supported by The Wire called Soundstage. Music, film, video, their 1997 debut, *U.E. ...* and its sequel, 15 years later (inspired by the culture and the language). Each track is presented through different live stage and a video of its sign language with poetry. Between the 15th and 16th February, live, under the sky.

### Field Recording in the City

**UK**

Chris Watson's workshop is inspired by the popular dance of connecting with a live-night recording session in London and a day workday with the artist. London Museum of



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CORIN

Prize: John Bush & John Edwards, Geoff Hertz/Steve Harris and The Safehouse "Wildcat" Ensemble Brighton, Spine House Pub, 26 January, 7 PM, £5/£6 www.repro.co.uk/whosinthehouse

### Reg's Jazz

Monthly free improvisation series co-axed by Paul Pass and Steve Benford continues with Gail Ernst and Vanya Werner, London Park Jazz at Reg's, last Thursday monthly 21 January, 8pm, free, 020 3440 3298

### Reclus

Regular electronic music night with experimental sound from Signific, found sounds from Alex Mark & Andrew Rowe and looped

inspire from Durning Zoo plus vocals from FBoe Records, London Forest, 21 January, 7.30pm, £3, www.fboerecords.co.uk

### SNAP: Out 61

Workshop led by Phil Martin in his improvisation, its theory and practice. Liverpool, Cornerstone, 3 January, 3.30pm, £2, www.future.org

### Squad Of Blows

Electronic and experimental live music with Eugene The Vespene and Lorraine Collier. Music by @jameswilliams and hosted by electro comedian Lee Hunt, Brighton, Thee And This, 22 January, 8.30pm, £10, www.squadofblows.com

## Incoming

### Alison Beal Returns

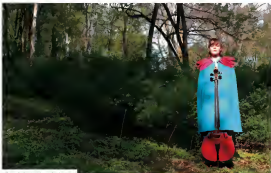
UK

A sequel of Alison Beal's work with Miki's Self Care. Nigerian-born Beal and star Tony Allen and Javadi's francophone hip-hop London, Berlin, 11 February, 7.30pm, £15-£18, www.bealson.org.uk

### Against 2008: Federico Bazzano Music Festival

UK

One day with exploratory events in music, improvisation, sounds from Hylaxia, Justice Williams, Anthony Gurney, Garmara at Alpha,



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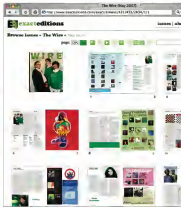
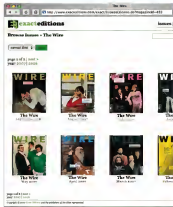
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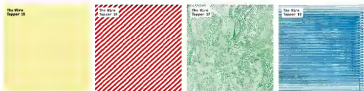
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# Epiphanies

Napalm Death founder and  
Scorn member Nicholas  
Bullen claims asylum from  
reality with Crass's  
liberated punk ethic

For a ten-year-old living in the bucolic isolation of the English countryside, the underground spirit of punk throughout 1976 appeared with the force of an explosion. My fervent allegiance to *74er Of The Zoo* (the comic evoked almost overnight as a conduit to a realm of excitement and possibility) appeared which seemed to spirit identity to me, addressing a future I had not known existed. I began to see a bleak future pressing its force to punk as the weekly music press, including a reference to "anarchist punk" in the listings of a small record store which led to a 1976 bedroom album with the first single by Crass, "Reality Asylum"/"Shaved Women."

This standard graphic design of the fold-out poster sleeve (by group member Gae Vautier) simplified the sure of contact with an arcane symbol. The collage- and photo-montage-inspired artwork—with its stark black-and-white, and cryptic numerical sequences—was presented in black and white, providing a striking contrast to the daytime violence of punk album art, and this sure was further enhanced by the shadow-theatre presence of the group themselves (from pseudonymous names and blarney, monochrome concert lineups to references to members who did not appear at the recording). These elements—in combination with the "terms of consciousness" presentation of the lyrics—dramatized not to the group's first influence and the smaller mass of the graphic logo—conspired to create the feeling of the offbeat offbeat.

This disc itself was nothing out of a revelation. "Shaved Women"—indicted through an opening act of rupture provided by the cry of vocalist Eve Libertine—melded an urgent metronomic rhythm (inspired by a mechanical bass figure and martial drum pattern) with a gothic angularity coloured by extended stretches of half-burned guitar and parallel cymbal noise to create an illuminating distance.

The music was angry and imprisoned; and—imbued with a sense of comic threat and engagement—radiated depth of meaning beyond



Gae Vautier's artwork for Crass's "Reality Asylum" EP

the diversion of emotion provided by the majority of punk records. By the time the music had reached its memorable coda about of "it all (your decade, people die)", I was entranced. So entranced as to be positively subterranean, it sounded unlike any other record I had heard.

In retrospect, this piece is a beautifully simple figure around a central point. This cyclic explosion—inspired by the geometric patterns of the lyrics and the constant presence of a field recording of a train—draws me deep inside the heart of the edifying dream. Later discovery of this quality in other forms (the jagged tape-loops of Industrial music, the "yellows" of later deconstructivist artists and the message revolution of hip-hop sampling) informed and reinforced my own compositional approach in Scorn during the early 1990s and currently in Black Galaxy.

The other side of the record—"Reality Asylum"—presented further discourses through a heavier snare of legs, noise and guitar drone which underpinned a polemical monologue on the hierarchical structure of power (probing explicit connections between religion, the oppression of women and the genocide of Hiroshima and the Holocaust). Delivered by the Imaginary Landscapes of John Cage and Crass's engine in the Fluxus-affiliated performance art group SOX, the monologue concrete collage of whirring mangled choral voices and organ plaintive strings, codged radio transmissions and organic textures swelled in chaotic rhythmic intensity, threatening to engulf the low voice below the final discourse— which recontextualized Paul Smith's words as "Jesus died for his own sake, not mine." Again, the overall sensation was of moving into the black eye of space, into a whirling chaos which later refracted through my personal, crying glass into the bleak reducing reality of Napalm Death.

The single contains basic elements of the compositional tropes which flow throughout the group's recordings (dominating is the excruciating tree-jazz-inflected howl of "You Sir I Will" and the pastoral poetry of "Acts Of Love"), which it combines with a focused approach to production techniques

The abrupt shifts in the listening of the mix focused my own fascination with the solo member dynamism of dub, and the symphonic blending of field recordings of trees and children's voices into the structured writing of the group was a tell-tale manifestation which revealed the possibility of "non-musical" sounds as compositional material.

Beyond the surface aggression, the recordings radiated a positive charge of environmental persistence and substance which proposed a genuine "protest music", beyond the conventional models of a logorrheic criticism or satirical exploration. Further investigation revealed Crass to be dogmatically committed to their vision (which encompassed benefit concerts for diverse causes and large volumes of record sales on their own label in tandem with a rejection of the conventional communication channels of the record industry) to the point of investigation by intelligence agencies, and questions asked in the Houses of Parliament.

This opening of possibility underwent rapid expansion throughout 1979 by exposure to sounds as diverse as South Parks, the Donkey Jambler and The Good Music Association. Everything became possible, and my mind was miraculously split open by the declaration of "We don't play our instruments—we abuse them" which profaned Danny And The Donkeys' (later) identity equal of free-bastardism on a DIY cassette compilation on Fuck Off Records. By the end of the year, I had also experienced the multimedia manifestations of Crass in a live context, and, more importantly, had been galvanised into eager self-expression in various media (including collage, fanzines and cassette labels), which culminated in the formation of Napalm Death in late 1981. Three years later, we made our first appearance on vinyl as a compilation album on Crass Records.

And since 20 years later, beyond attempts at recapitulation by the surrounding culture (from David Redden wearing a Crass T-shirt to The Sex Pistols' hollow "30 Years On" concert), the new generations from that rupture still resonate. © Nicholas Bullen Website: www.napalm.org.uk

## The Wire T-shirt 2008

This month sees the return of our standard black T-shirt: see below. Our series of limited edition shirts featuring specially commissioned designs by a variety of underground artists, musicians and organisations, will pick up again in the spring. In the meantime, we have a few designs left from last season's series of special edition shirts: go to [www.thewire.co.uk/shop](http://www.thewire.co.uk/shop) for more information. For details of prices, sizes and how to order, turn to page 101, or go to [www.thewire.co.uk/shop](http://www.thewire.co.uk/shop)



**The standard shirt: new edition**

A high quality black T-shirt with The Wire logo printed in black across the front plus The Wire url printed in black on the right sleeve. Unlimited edition

# ART AND MUSIC IN NEW YORK CITY 1978-88!

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## NEW YORK NOISE

ART AND MUSIC FROM THE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND 1978-88

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JIM JARMUSCH RICHARD HELL

The New York Noise book describes the period in history (1978-88) where New York art and music collided. Beginning in the mid-1970s, New York City's SoHo and East Village became a hotbed of musical and artistic ideas. Owing to new property laws, Downtown New York and its many warehouse and loft spaces became the home of artists, bands, film-makers, studios, art galleries and more. In this small area practically every musician was also an artist, every artist a film-maker and every film-maker was in a band. This book includes pictures of JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT, DAVID BYRNE, SUICIDE, KEITH HARING, GLENN BRANCA, ESG, MADONNA, LAURIE ANDERSON, PHILIP GLASS, AFRIKA BAMBAATAA and hundreds more previously unseen photographs.

"New York downtown was like a bohemian living museum, which was pretty thrilling for an aspiring artist and musician. Legends walked the streets. It was all very new and exciting – and it was incredibly funky; the sleaze and poverty were everywhere." DAVID BYRNE

With accompanying text from DAVID BYRNE, LAURIE ANDERSON, CINDY SHERMAN and more, this is an essential record of a fascinating era in New York's cultural history.

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